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THE FRONT PAGE

CHRISTMAS is here and once again Santa Claus makes that marvellous journey of his, laden with gifts and working a wonderfully softening effect on the lives of all who assist him to mount roofs, especially humble ones, and to make his way down chimneys, especially narrow and difficult ones, into rooms where no person of note ever comes except this mysterious annual visitor.

Those who would put Santa Claus out of business, who would reason him away, who would lay claim to the generosity that is his, and dispel the beneficent mystery that attaches to him—surely they misunderstand the good man's mission. He delights children, it is true; but adults he saves from themselves.

It is in the home that Santa Claus used to visit that grown-up sons and daughters will gather on Christmas Day from their scattered abodes. It is in the home that he used to visit and where sometimes the imprint of his mittened hand used to be seen with eyes of faith next morning high up on the roof, that the family will gather for the reunion that has become the greatest pleasure left in life to parents who are growing old. Nor are they parents only, but grandparents now—and how Santa Claus does love to come back after many years to the home he used to visit!

The world begins to take on somewhat of a drab hue when you have been looking at it for forty or fifty years, unless you go back now and then to the very beginning of things and get youth's perspective again. And that is a mighty hard thing to do once a man or woman has forgotten how. Some of the most famous and a vast number of the best men the world has known, remained to the end of their days young with the children they knew. Whatever some of our modern educators may say it is not the work of a man kind or wise to assail the religion of the old or dispel the pretty fancies of childhood.

THE ties of family life are strengthened by the harmless make-believes in which children and parents join in the days that will never come again. In one of the papers the other day a paragraph appeared telling how two brothers who were separated forty years ago met by chance in Hamilton. Within a month three or four cases of this kind have been reported from different parts of Ontario, and serve to remind us how families get shaken apart and scattered to the four winds. But distances are not so dividing, sometimes, as differences that intervene between members of families. Those who look on and see in life much that is worthier than the gathering of gain, wonder at times what men live for when they read of family quarrels in the courts—men and women fighting over a father's grave for the poor possessions he left behind him on quitting the world. There have been many of these quarrels ventilated in the courts recently, and sordid stories told of old men sick in bed or able to move about feebly, being fought over, as dogs fight over a bone—one branch of an old man's family struggling with another, to get or retain possession of what remained of his poor old life, until he should have made his will. Sometimes the unnatural conduct is on the part of the father, as in a case well known to me in this province, where a grim old father who had a house rented to a married daughter, and the rent not being paid, had a bailiff seize her household effects and as the stuff was sold in the streets at auction for what it would fetch, stood by and gathered in his rents. He claimed to be just. But that which he got out of life was worth no man's having.

A young fellow in business with his father told him one day that he wanted to get married and mentioned the young lady's name. This father and son not only were—and are—in business together, but they were admiring friends of each other. The father, when told of his son's intentions, said that he had no objection to his marriage, and none against the girl, except that she belonged to a family that was always at war with itself. Scarcely any two members of it were on speaking terms, and instead of affection they seemed to entertain hatred and suspicion of each other, and the father suggested that a young man should do some serious thinking before entering a family whose members held each other in such poor estimation. To what extent arguments along these lines influenced events is not known, but the marriage did not take place. Of this, however, there is no doubt that as the years go by, a man learns that the success of his home is more important than any other success he can win.

Hang up the row of stockings. Plant the tree in the parlor and put out the lights early to give Santa Claus a chance. Bring forth the biggest plum pudding in the family's history. Wire greetings to the one who could not come. Sit encircled in the flickering light from the grate and let grandpa tell over again the traditions of the family—for, when all is right and wholesome, the family is that part of the great world's population which cares for you living and mourns you long after.

LAST year when discussion arose about ending or mending the Canadian Senate, Hon. G. W. Ross arose in that chamber and outlined a scheme of reform by which that body would be in part elected by the people and in part appointed as at present. It looked like an attempt on behalf of the Senate to meet halfway those who condemn it as a legislative body wholly out of harmony with the age and country in which it exists. Some of the objections to the plan put forward by Senator Ross were mentioned at the time on this page, but it is not at all improbable that that plan was put forward as a feeler in the interest of the Laurier Administration, although the country did not at the time take it very seriously.

The House of Lords in England, through a committee appointed to suggest a plan for reforming itself, has proposed a similar half-and-half measure. This readiness to bargain for a half-loaf is not without significance. The suggestion of the committee of the House of Lords is that all hereditary peers shall meet and elect two hundred of their own number to sit and vote in the House of Peers—this election to occur every five years. The bishops would meet and elect ten of their number to sit

as lords spiritual. Representation of Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa would be provided for. There would be one hundred and thirty peers in the House outside those elected, these to include ex-Cabinet Ministers, ex-Governors-General, ex-Viceroy, and men who had won distinction in the army, navy, literature and politics. The present membership of the House would be reduced by one-third.

It will be observed that the hereditary peers would by this plan elect from their own number about half the House, and would under the other provisions of the arrangement, admit a sufficient further number to give them a strong working majority at all times. Hereditary privilege would be subjecting itself to no risk whatever. It would be pretty much the same House of Lords as now, except that those who do not care to attend and are no-

pose, although, in the nature of things, it will if left alone become a second and extra chamber specially devoted to protecting the interests of the privileged classes. It is curious that the people should continue to nurse an infant of such parentage and sinister promise.

The people should have no fear of the people, and it is difficult to find a reason why such a Senate as we have in Canada should be expected to place any desirable check on our House of Commons. We voluntarily maintain a Senate to baffle Parliament, and we condemn it because it does not do so in the slightest measure. Yet the real objection to it is that it has in it the makings of an actual force that may one day embarrass popular government. The upper chamber, one would think, should be removed while it is useless since, in the next stage of its existence, it is very likely to be worse.



CHRISTMAS MORNING

torious absentees, would be relieved of the duty of attending. The real change would consist in giving representation to Canada and other outlying parts of the Empire, and this is scarcely what Canada or Australia would ask. In proposing this change the evident intention is to broaden, from the Kingdom to the Empire, the basis on which the peerage rests. Having fallen into disfavor as a legislative body at home, it would find new props beyond seas. The peers hereditary would join forces with the peers influential, those who grow formidable in politics, as leaders in war, or shapers of history in new kingdoms over seas. In this body Canada would be represented by her ex-Governors-General, by her Strathconas, Mountstephens and other winners of large fortunes who might measure up to standards ensuring them royal favor. It is extremely improbable that more than a very few Canadians could be induced to endorse any scheme of political government for the Empire that includes representation on any basis either hereditary or by appointment.

The Senate, as it exists, cannot endure. It has failed in every respect except as a house of refuge for spent and weary politicians. It was designed in the first place to save the country from the people—to protect the established order against a parliament elected on a franchise deemed much too broad by certain old gentlemen who were asked to revise the details of Confederation. The Senate was designed to baffle any foolish parliament that the people might elect at any time. It was meant to do what the House of Lords did in the United Kingdom, and which that House will perish for having done. But our Senate has not even served that pur-

IN one of the Toronto theatres a few nights ago there was a stage wedding. An actor and an actress were married by a real preacher in the presence of a large and delighted crowd, drawn by announcements of this unusual attraction. The bride and groom afforded much amusement by their deportment and the preacher managed to earn some applause at intervals by his running comments on the wording of the marriage ceremony, as when he mentioned that the word "obey" was being omitted, and when he insisted that the bridegroom should say "I will" in a loud voice so that the boys in the gallery could hear him.

It was a great lark. No doubt the marriage was legal enough, but it was far from being the sacred ceremony, or even the serious one, that marriage should be. All clergymen who had been asked to perform this ceremony declined to act, until Rev. J. M. Wilkinson was invited and consented. Mr. Wilkinson used to be a Methodist minister in Toronto, but was called or invited to take charge of a church in the United States, where he spent some years. Since his return to this city he has not connected himself with the Methodist conference, but has engaged in missionary work in the down-town districts, conducting largely attended Sunday services in one of the theatres. That he is accomplishing a great deal of good with a public not otherwise reached by the churches is pretty generally conceded.

Yet there are few men whose opinions are worth considering who will have a good word to say for a marriage ceremony conducted as a public amusement at a theatrical show. It offends all those old-fashioned and wholesome notions that most men carry with them through life. Such a wedding could scarcely be held in solemn re-

gard by the contracting parties, by their amused companions, nor by the gallery crowded with young people. No doubt Rev. J. M. Wilkinson was persuaded into performing this ceremony through considerations for "his public," those unshepherded down-town people over whom he is seeking to extend an influence by proving that he is one of themselves and different from other and stiffly starched preachers, yet it is difficult to believe that he improved his standing even in the field he works in by celebrating this flippant, jestful, almost farcical marriage.

The holding of weddings in shop windows, in theatres, in skating rinks, in balloons, in lion's cages, should in some way come under the veto of the Attorney-General, for after all the marriage of two individuals is not alone the affair of the contracting parties, but a matter of moment to society and the State.

ON the next page is an article discussing "Foreign Murders and Home Newspapers," and the writer asks my opinion as to whether the Toronto press should make so great a display over the Hains crime. It seems to me that it is a poor way of making a living—a poor way for intelligent and educated men to make a living—this catering to the morbid taste of the least intelligent part of the people for stories of bloodshed and of social scandal. Our contributor refers in his article to the practice of SATURDAY NIGHT in such matters, and in this connection it seems quite to the point to quote from a letter received at this office on Tuesday. Last week a small boy in a small Ontario town sent for a dozen copies of this journal to sell on the streets. I shall not name the village as that would give the inhabitants a chance to avenge themselves on the small boy who has made a very shrewd criticism of them. He writes to say that he sold the dozen copies last week, but only wants six this week, although he expects to take more later on. The little merchant concludes his pencilled letter with the following words: "The people around here are crazy fore people getting murdered and killed." This youthful missionary evidently hopes that after he has handled this journal for a time the people around there will be weaned from their craving for murder-news and will turn to higher things.

IN order to smooth to some extent the hard road travelled by the impecunious it may be well to mention the recent experience of a Toronto man with a caller who blew into town from the silver country beyond Cobalt. The stranger, on his arrival, had plenty of money, but by the end of the week, owing to the fact that he had been sitting up late talking earnestly about prospects and hearing good stories, he found himself rather shy of cash and far from the usual sources of supply. So he called on the Toronto man and offered him a half interest in anything he discovered on the prospecting tour on which he was about to depart. The city man declined to make any such blind gamble, but loaned the caller a five-dollar bill, fancying that he had, with his usual business shrewdness, handled the matter very well. But the prospector after spending the five dollars in princely fashion struck north, and on the second day after beginning the actual search for ore, found a wide streak of silver, registered the discovery, and within a month sold out for \$50,000. The story goes that the prospector, feeling sorry for the city man who had missed so rich a chance, called at his office and handed him fifty dollars for the five he had borrowed.

In the history of mining there are many such stories but this one comes to me almost direct from the man who might have had the half interest. Of course, I know many men who, in like circumstances, took the half interest and never got a farthing.

NEED we wonder that a Kaiser jails editors who venture to criticise him, or that a Czar sends to the Siberian mines political students who write pamphlets advocating a greater freedom for the people of Russia—need we wonder that rulers with unlimited power use it with vigor, when even the School Board of Toronto threatens to behead the principals of the Public Schools who dared to send in a written protest against the action of the Board in choosing an outsider to fill the post of third inspector? Several of the trustees described the letter as an impudent one, and one that must be apologized for. Otherwise those principals who were responsible for it were to be dismissed.

Why should the principals of the Public Schools be denied the right to make such a protest as they have made in this case? Why should the principals be expected to bear towards the Board an attitude of servility?

The principals have apologized. Are they any better men, or any better principals, or have their opinions altered in the least, in consequence?

WHEN The New York Globe and Commercial Advertiser came out with its account of Longboat's victory over Dorando, it included in its headlines the statement that "Canada, the country without a flag, is not without a runner." A Canadian who was in Gotham at the time called at the newspaper office to explain to the sporting editor of that journal that Canada is not without a flag, but he was unable to locate the individual who had written the words. This country has a flag, all right—it is one of a distinguished family of flags, floating in increasing numbers in all parts of the world.

Some of the New York journals show a surprising want of knowledge about Canada at times. In some minds the opinion seems to be unalterably fixed that Canada is in about the same position as were the thirteen colonies before the revolution. They see in us a people so spiritless as to be content to remain in a state of dependency, with no nationality of our own, taxed at the pleasure of the British Government, ruled by a toy emperor in the person of Governor-General sent out from London. It is scarcely worth while to reason with men so sadly unacquainted with the history of their own continent and the progress of a century. We are not in a state of dependency; we are not without our own nationality; we are not taxed for a cent except by ourselves; we are not ruled except by our own Parliament. The Governor-Generalship is an honorary office; all real power is exercised by the Prime Minister

TO ALL THE READERS OF SATURDAY NIGHT and to all people good, bad and indifferent, well and ill, weak and strong, deserving and undeserving, muddling somehow and the best way they can through this world,—a hearty hail and old-fashioned Christmas greeting!

and his Cabinet. Mr. Taft is at present selecting from private life, men to fill his Cabinet. With us a Prime Minister must select his colleagues from among the members of Parliament or the Senate, or if he should choose a man from outside, this man cannot bear a hand in administering the affairs of the country, until some constituency has endorsed him as a representative of the people. Our Senators are appointed for life by the Government that is in office when each vacancy occurs by death. Had we no Senate, or were the members elected, we should have a simpler and more direct government by the people than that which exists at Washington.

To all intents and purposes Canada is to-day one of a group of allied British nations. In so far as there remain unsatisfactory details in the arrangement, they will be removable when we decide how best to mend matters. If a movement started to-morrow to elect or select our own Governor-General the resistance to it that would count most, would probably be from among ourselves.

IN a letter to The Detroit News Mr. Henry M. Melchers, of that city, says that the American tax of \$2 on Canadian lumber entering that market has failed of its object, and has worked injury to Michigan and other States instead of benefit. He estimates the loss in wages to work-people in Michigan resulting from this duty at \$1,150,000 per year since 1897. He admits that those who imposed this duty meant well, but they failed to take into account the retaliatory measures Canada would take. The purpose in imposing the duty was to shut out Canadian lumber and force Canada to send into the United States saw-logs only. But the province of Ontario checkmated that move by imposing a regulation in all timber cutting licenses that the logs had to be sawn into lumber within the province. Mr. Melchers quotes figures showing that in 1894 the round timber imported from Ontario, Quebec and Manitoba amounted to 324,766,000 feet, while in 1904 it only amounted to 16,818,000 feet. To put it in his own way: "We were deprived," he says, "of \$1,800,000 worth of logs annually in the last ten years which might have been manufactured into lumber within the United States." He figures that there is now being spent in Canada \$980,800 annually in wages in the lumber industry that would have been spent in the United States had not that \$2 duty been imposed on Canadian lumber, leading as it did to a refusal on Canada's part to export saw-logs.

Canada wants to saw her own logs. If, in revising the tariff, the Washington authorities should cancel the lumber tariff, it is highly improbable that Ontario would alter the regulation requiring logs to be sawn within the province. This is not the first instance in which the Republic, pressing too eagerly to gain an advantage, has quite overlooked the reprisals that Canada could make. In the operation of the protective system the Dominion has never been aggressive, but rather on the defensive against high tariff attack; yet more than once, we have been driven to take measures that have worked out very well indeed. As time goes on it will be found that Canada has some good cards in her hand, and can play them if need be. The people of the Republic need our lumber—not our logs, for we can saw them here. They need our paper—not our pulp-wood nor even our pulp, for we can make the paper right here. Such experimenting as we have done in the way of having our logs cut at home and our natural products refined within the province, has been so satisfactory as to raise the expectation that we shall see more of it. MACK.

Foreign Murders and Home Newspapers.

IS the Hains murder trial the most absorbing topic of the day to Canadians? If not, why are so many Canadian newspapers devoting so much attention to it? Do Torontonians, in particular and Canadians in general demand that the papers they read should contain columns of stuff about a cold-blooded murder in New York State? Are the Canadian newspapers wrong in regard to the taste of their readers, or do they believe that the latter are not primarily interested in the actual crime, but are anxious to read the salacious stories promised as to the conditions of a society which made such a crime possible? If the newspapers believe their readers want it why do they publish editorials deprecating such a state of society on the American side of the border, and thanking Providence that Canada is so much better?

This and a hundred other questions arise when one takes up Toronto newspapers and finds columns of space devoted to the trial, with pictures of the principals and others concerned. One newspaper gets ahead of its rivals with a picture of the hackman who drove Captain Hains to the scene of the murder. It is up to its rivals to publish pictures of the tracks made by the hack, of the pauses between the shots from the revolver, a drawing of the bathing suit in which the victim was attired, exclusive portraits of the wives, children, grandchildren, aunts, cousins and relations by marriage of all the principals, the counsel on each side, and the judge and jury. No Canadian paper that secretly aspires to emulate the New York "yellows" is doing its duty if it fails in any one of these particulars. It is fine stuff for the home, calculated to make the boys and girls realize that in Canada, after all, there is no real life, that one has to go across the line for that, in spite of the cry that the twentieth century is the century of Canada.

Meanwhile, if the Canadian daily newspapers are right, what is the matter with SATURDAY NIGHT? Why does "Mack" continue to give space to sound common sense comment on things Canadian? Why should "Hal" and a host of other contributors be allowed to give bright and illuminating articles, anecdotes and sketches? Why should SATURDAY NIGHT remain a paper that one can take into his home with the feeling that there is nothing in it he would not let his children read, or feel embarrassed when his wife or other female relatives get hold of it? If the daily newspapers are right then SATURDAY NIGHT, with its exceptional advantages in that direction ought to lead in giving some of the pictures suggested, and in having "Mack" and "Hal" with the matter to accompany them, as only they can.

What do you think about it "Mack"? The writer thinks SATURDAY NIGHT is right and the others are wrong. This attempt to make New York State the centre of the universe, while good Canadian news is treated in small news space and often overshadowed in editorial comment is all wrong. CANUCK.

ABOUT mining in the Montreal River districts the most authoritative opinions when boiled down agree in all vital respects (says The Canadian Mining Journal). The new silver region is worth spending money upon. Several of the properties appear to have exceptional potentialities. The expenditure of money in opening them needs no justification. It is good business. On the other hand there is not one jot or tittle of common sense

in paying hundreds of thousands of dollars for improved claims. A calm view of the situation reveals at once that there is no basis for such prices. Small quantities of native silver, "strong" outcroppings of calcite, are not mines. Their value is negative, and must remain negative until many dollars are spent in clearing ground, building roads, and putting in mining equipment. Therefore, it is simply nonsense to talk of selling or buying mines in the Montreal River districts. Let the ardent investor remember that fancy prices are permanent burdens.

The Fact Beautiful.

By JAMES P. HAVERSON.

I'M glad that two and two make four
And never any less or more;
If it made five or six or three,
How very awkward that would be.

Ah, such a thing would never do—
Say him and her with me and you
Should meet, I'm sure we should feel small
To find one wasn't there at all.

Then, if the answer should be five,
I wonder how we would contrive,
Though it would certainly be fun,
To tell who made the extra one.

So let us bless that wise decree
The same for them as you and me
That fixes two and two at four,
And never any less or more.

The Esperantists.

AT the annual Esperanto Congress held in Dresden a few months ago Professor Gustave Roy, Dr. Carl Hoffender and other enthusiasts, strongly urged the founding of Esperanto—no longer merely a language but a city and state on ideal lines. The proposed location is Moresnet Neutrale, the little territory wedged in between Germany, Holland and Belgium. The suggestion is that a modern city on new lines should be built at that point, as a headquarters for the Esperantists. Here not only language could be taught and the cause promoted throughout the world, but new ideas in architecture, dress, cookery, could be demonstrated. In the Strand Magazine Dr. Hoffender's drawings of the proposed Esperanto costumes for men and women are given, and are here reproduced. No doubt these costumes are very sensible, although we can scarcely imagine that the British workman or the Canadian farmer will be readily persuaded to rig himself out in this way. But they will probably wear the costume once they adopt Esperanto in their daily speech. Dr. Hoffender as an architect is particularly anxious to see the world released from architectural traditions that have come down to us from the Tower of Babel.

Esperanto Costume for Women

"Then, again," he says, "there is a chance in Esperanto city for an Esperanto school of painting, from which the vulgar and meretricious shall be excluded; for a new school of Esperanto music, carefully avoiding the extremes of Wagner on the one hand, and Rossini on the other; for an Esperanto drama and a new school of acting. Our Esperanto cookery will offer mankind something better suited to its alimentary needs than dead birds, fish and quadrupeds."



Esperanto Costume for Men

Perhaps many reforms are called for in the world, but it does not follow that those who favor a new and universal language, are gifted also with ability to reform the world's architecture, painting, music, cookery, costumes, etc. If the Esperantists found a colony or set up a city they will, according to usual experience, have come within sight of the end of their movement.

BUT looking deep he saw
The thorns which grow upon this rose of life:
How the swart peasant sweated for his wage,
Toiling for leave to live.
—From "The Light of Asia."

ONCE I heard a man say in a public speech in America that he was separated by accident from his mother when he was quite a child, and on the very first day they reached New York, and that he never saw her face again.—T. P. O'Connor, in M.A.P.

PARIS correspondent is quoted by The New York Sun as noting that a change has come about in English and French manners. This correspondent, a woman, writes: In a discussion at the Municipal Council concerning the cleanliness of Paris streets a few days ago London was cited as so much cleaner than Paris. It is quite true. London may be duller and darker overhead and often fog-gier, but the streets are incomparably better kept and cleaner and tidier than in Paris.

More than one French visitor to England this year has noticed how much politeness one meets with in London and all over England nowadays. France used to be regarded as

the land of politeness. England has certainly done better of late years. Even in the northern manufacturing districts one is not hustled and hustled getting in and out of trains and trams as in Paris nowadays.

No queues with tickets are made on the French system, but the roughest workman quietly takes his turn and is careful not to press rudely before his neighbor. Never in England does one see a woman standing in the London tube or elsewhere while a man sits. In Paris this is quite a common thing; here men do sometimes give up their places in the train or tram—not usually.

The scramble among men and women of all classes in the big shops, the way in which men brush before women and the stronger or bigger men and women elbow past the smaller or weaker in these up-to-date days quite belies the traditions of French politeness. England, on the contrary, has gained in general good manners. The French are the first to acknowledge and appreciate English street politeness and cleanliness.

A REPORT appeared in one of the New York papers a few days ago to the effect that Arthur Brisbane, the great editor of the W. R. Hearst newspapers, was about to sever his connection with the Hearst enterprises, and start a new morning and evening paper in New York. Mr. Brisbane has denied the report. The rumor probably originated through the fact that Brisbane has been enjoying a vacation, after meeting with Lord Northcliffe, whose name was mentioned along with his in the new newspaper venture. It will be recalled that when Lord Northcliffe was in Toronto rumor associated his name with a big newspaper change. These rumors attend him wherever he goes.

DISCUSSING the speech of Lord Roberts and the question of conscription, The London Bystander protests against a too-ready acceptance of the idea that "because Germany is our likeliest invader, we, the great and proud and free British nation, must as a matter of course, promptly proceed to Germanize ourselves. . . . The idea that the best way to beat the Germans would be to remain Britons has not occurred."

ENGLAND'S newly created Territorial force, which takes the place of the old volunteers, is to be instructed in the etiquette of the soldier. A neat little volume has been published telling the young soldier how he must behave upon social occasions, and some of the advice may be taken to heart by those who are not soldiers. Some of the notes on conduct are:

When calling, try to avoid starting the conversation on such "shoppy" matters as drill, details of dress, or interior economy.

On "guest nights" the president and vice-president pass the wine, which is never touched until after the King's health has been proposed. When the decanters have been returned to them, the president and—except in regiments where it is the custom to drink the King's health sitting down—all the officers rise. The president then says, "Mr. Vice, the King!" The vice-president says, "Gentlemen, the King," and the health is drunk, the band, if present, at the same time playing the national anthem. It should be remembered that the King's health may be drunk in water.

Avoid mentioning a lady's name at mess. In many regiments this entails a fine.

No smoking is permitted in the ante or mess rooms between first mess bugle and the time at which the King's health is drunk.

Officers when returning the salute "should remove the pipe or cigarette."

When marching through the streets with any party of men, officers while marching at attention with swords drawn must pass their lady friends by without noticing them. On the order "march at ease" being given, swords should be returned, and then officers may salute any lady friends they meet, but, of course, must not stop and speak to them.

Two Questions.

From the Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

SATURDAY NIGHT asks two annoying questions:

(1) Is there such a thing in Canada as a public opinion which any politician need consider?

(2) Is there a public conscience capable of taking offence at anything however immoral it may be?

What gave rise to these enquiries apparently was the recent deal among the party leaders in regard to election protests. The writer goes on to say:

"On Saturday last, at one o'clock, the time expired in which protests could be entered in connection with the recent Dominion elections, and in a manner hushed and almost wide open to the full light of day the managers of the rival political parties throughout Canada met, confronted each other with such evidence of bribery, fraud, perjury and corruption as they were possessed of, and proceeded to dicker and trade, sin for sin, perjury for perjury, crime for crime, so that neither party should be exposed and both parties stand as they stood when the polls closed—no matter how criminal and corrupt may have been the means by which this man here and that man there stole his victory."

And much more to the same effect.

It is neither pleasant nor encouraging to have such questions raised by a reputable public journal. That such questions are asked at all indicates the existence of conditions that are anything but satisfactory or creditable. But if it becomes necessary to ask such questions, then the journal that asks them discharges a public duty.

What is the answer? It is for the people themselves to give. One hesitates to believe that a negative answer would be possible. And yet—

A Pirated Poem.

BROKE! Broke!! Broke!!!
I have squandered my uttermost sou,
And have failed in my efforts to utter
One trivial last I. O. U.

Oh, well, for the infant in arms,
That for ducats he need not fret;
Oh, well for the placid corpse,
That he's settled his final debt.

And dun after dun comes in,
Each bringing his little account;
And oh! for the touch of a five-dollar bill,
Or a check for a larger amount.

Broke! Broke!! Broke!!!
My course as a student is run;
I'll back to my childhood's home and act
The role of the Prodigal Son.

Toronto, December, '08. LODGE-LODGE.

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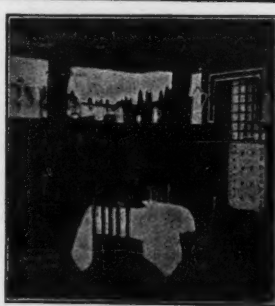
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"He's an old newspaper man." "About how old?" "Well, he can remember when they only issued extras when something happened."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE INVESTOR

TORONTO MONTREAL



TORONTO, Dec. 24.
THE deposits in Canadian banks on the 30th of November last were the largest on record at that date of the year. They exceeded those of two years ago by about \$48,000,000. The increase for the month was \$27,100,000, making a grand total of \$694,409,000. But the piling up of money in the banks is hardly an evidence of commercial activity, especially when it is not accompanied with increases in the discount line. While deposits in our banks increased \$27,100,000 last month and augmented nearly \$70,000,000 within a period of twelve months, the current discounts of Canadian banks decreased \$3,700,000 the past month and fell off \$55,200,000 within the twelve months. The large increase in the liquid assets of the banks has, of course, been due to the liquidation of commercial paper, which has been in progress for about a year. While the public have been led to believe that a revival in the industries had begun in Canada, the bank statements do not reflect it. These same banks, however, do not confine their operations to domestic trade. They do business in the United States, South America and Cuba, as well as in Canada. New business appears to be taken on in the outside places, while restriction and even liquidation are practiced at home. Some \$68,234,000 of the total deposits of our banks were obtained outside, as compared with \$62,746,000 a month ago, and \$54,818,000 a year ago. This increase of \$13,400,000 of foreign money in one year speaks well for the confidence placed in Canadian banks by outsiders. The loans and discounts, however, made outside the country amount to much more than the deposits received from such a source. Call loans outside amount to \$85,220,000 and current discounts are \$27,899,000, a total of over \$113,000,000 as against outside deposits of \$68,234,000. Including both classes of loans, the expansion in this outside business is over \$48,000,000 in the past year, while during the same period there was a reduction of \$55,000,000 in the loans and discounts on purely Canadian business. This banking exploitation in foreign countries undoubtedly is due to more profitable rates there than at home, and is another proof that in the conduct of business there is no such thing as patriotism to be considered.

Owing to the movements aforesaid the natural effect is a substantial increase in the cash or liquid assets of our banks. We may as well say first as last that the cash now held by Canadian banks is larger than at any time in their history. In specie and Dominion notes the holdings aggregate \$92,171,800, an increase of about \$4,000,000 for the month of November. As compared with a year ago the increase is \$15,500,000, and as compared with two years ago, the increase is \$21,371,000. The cash holdings at the present time are 11 1-2 per cent. of the aggregate liabilities of the banks, and nearly 14 per cent. of total deposits. The banks have also at the present time very large assets which can be readily liquidated as well as unusually large balances in foreign countries, so that their position may with truth be said to be better than ever before. The net balances due Canadian banks from banks in the United Kingdom and elsewhere amount to the large sum of \$46,193,000, while a year ago they aggregated but \$10,462,000.

The note circulation of the banks, in spite of unusually large harvests and high prices, shows signs of rapid contraction. The amount outstanding is only \$80,287,000, a decrease of \$2,750,000 during November, and as compared with a year ago, when panic conditions were intense across the line, the decrease is \$4,170,000.

The recent increased demand for money and higher interest rates in New York have caused banking capital elsewhere to seek that centre. The sensational declines in the cash reserves of the banks of the American metropolis, with the resumption of gold exports have brought about firmer rates. While some contend that higher money will be but temporary, there are many who look for its permanency. They contend that gold exports will continue because of the absence of a sufficient supply of grain and cotton bills, and that the enormous flotations of new securities after the turn of the year must have a stiffening influence on rates. Deeper money, with tariff reform discussion, has caused a good deal of realizing on the part of conservative holders of securities, and prices generally have declined. Spasmodic attempts to lift prices to a still higher level, and spectacular manipulation of low-priced specialties, have failed to stimulate public interest. The old theory that the public will climb after stocks when they have had a big advance no longer works. Just why the public will not come along in its usual philanthropic fashion and relieve the big leaders of their superfluous stocks, it does not tell; but there is only one inference, and that is the public knows better. In these days the outside operator is a much more wary individual than he used to be. The remarkable New York Bank statement on Saturday, with its \$40,000,000 shrinkage in deposits, \$23,500,000 contraction in loans, \$17,000,000 loss in lawful money reserve held, and \$7,000,000 drop in surplus, was enough to account for a turn in the stock market.

The local share market has been very quiet during the week. The nearness to the holiday season accounts partly for this apathy in making new commitments. A revival in speculation seems to be expected with the New Year. The floating supply of securities is restricted, and this accounts for the general firmness in prices when even small orders are placed in the hands of brokers. Trade recovery is not expected to be rapid, and therefore no changes in the domestic rates for money are likely at least for some months. The investing public naturally incline to the purchasing of bonds and gilt-edged securities. It must not be overlooked that current and prospective flotations of bonds are very large indeed—like by governments, municipalities and corporations, both in Europe and America. And for Canadian municipalities to imagine that six months hence they can obtain "fancy" prices for their issues would be certainly unwise. But, making allowances for everything, conservative bankers and financiers incline to the view that world-wide trade recession has released funds sufficient to insure a continued public demand for really attractive bond issues. Sir

Felix Schuster emphasized this point recently before the British Institute of Bankers. Supply and demand have been increasing concurrently for months, and will probably continue to do so for some time.

Wheat markets have been very quiet of late, with the general trend towards a lower level. This is only natural after the advances that had taken place owing to exaggerated accounts of the damage to Argentine wheat and the pessimistic reports as to the condition of winter wheat on this continent. Prices of Ontario wheat continue to vary but little, due to the small offerings, while Manitoba grades are the most prominent in the world's markets. The European demand for these continues active, and large supplies of our Western Canada wheat are to be had in almost every eastern port of the United States. "Fuller information," writes The London Statist, "has now been received respecting the damage done to the wheat crop in Argentina, and it shows that the first reports were much exaggerated, and that those who took a more favorable view were right. It will be in the recollection of our readers that every year there is a large increase in the area under cultivation in Argentina. In the present year the increase has been exceptionally large because of the good prices ruling. The best opinion now is that the yield of the increased area brought into cultivation this year will fully counterbalance, if it does not do more, the damage done to the crop in general. It follows that the prospect is that Argentina will have this year at least as much wheat to export as she had last year."

The new firm of Steiner, Dunlop & Co., bond dealers, has opened offices in the Lawlor building, Toronto. Mr. A. L. Steiner is a son of ex-Ald. N. L. Steiner, of this city, and was for about ten years, in the bond department of the Toronto General Trusts. Mr. G. L. Dunlop was formerly with the same corporation, and more recently with the Union Trust Company.

At the forty-fifth annual meeting of the Merchants Bank of Canada, held in Montreal last week, a net profit of \$738,597.19 was shown, which, although somewhat less than the previous year, is gratifying under the conditions that have prevailed. After providing for the usual dividend of eight per cent. the directors disposed of the surplus earnings by writing down the bank premises account \$100,000, contributing \$25,000 to the officers' pension fund, and carrying forward the balance to undivided profit account, which now amounts to \$400,997.94. In his address to the shareholders, Sir H. Montague Allan, the president, said that a clearer financial outlook has now supervened, "and we look from this on, to a gradual revival of general trade, following upon an excellent crop in the Northwest and good prices."

M. R. MACKINDER, the late director of the London School of Economics, who has just returned to England from a Canadian tour, gave the first of a useful series of Canadian lectures before the Compatriots' Club the other day. It was entitled "The Canadian Nation." The Canadian Gazette quotes the following passage from his address:

When one went to Halifax and heard complaints with regard to Ottawa, and went to Victoria and heard other complaints against Ottawa, one usually found that the summing up of the whole thing was "We are all Canadians." This was the impression one formed, that, although past differences were not forgotten, the younger and the middle-aged people had made up their minds that their province should throw in its lot, not merely nominally and according to legal forms, but really and practically with the nation. . . . Party divisions in the Dominion were not provincial divisions, not petty jealousies, but there were a Liberal and a Conservative party which divided men right through the whole Dominion and not according to the divisions of races. One of the most important things in the recent general election was that the West was divided among itself, and that, while Manitoba and British Columbia returned Conservative majorities, Saskatchewan and Alberta had returned Liberal majorities. The one danger that could have arisen was a party division between West and East, as there was in the United States a party division between the North and the South and West.

Here are some excellent Christmas suggestions from Life: Whoever has made Christmas arduous and worrisome by encumbering it with too many habitual obligations, had far better cut loose from all of them and start afresh, than spoil a good day by such mistreatment. Hardly any one cares a rap what we give them, so long as it carries affection. Other people are very much like us about that. It is a little irksome to them to have us spend much money on them if we have other uses for it, and if we do it, it is a mere tribute to our own beastly pride. So let us try to have sense and have fun, this Christmas. And let us get over the habit we have of giving to people in direct proportion to what they have got, and not in inverse proportion, as we should if we were sensible. A Merry Christmas to all hands. To the devil with the Pride of Life and all its foolish accessories! Peace and Good-will for us, and as much Christmas merriment as we can mix in with them!

Why does not Mr. A. F. Mac-laren, of North Perth, or some other defeated candidate in Ontario who claims that he has been buccined in the election saw-offs, submit his case to the Attorney General of Ontario? That official could not very well refuse to order an investigation.

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Acting General Manager.

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"So Algernon is going to devote himself to poetry?" "Yes, but only after a season in the bank. I don't want the poor boy to die without even knowing what money feels like."—Life.

"I wish to purchase a hat for myself," she whispered softly. "Merry Widow?" asked the cheery salesman? "No, doleful wife," was the pathetic rejoinder.—Brooklyn Life.

NOTES NEW YORK



BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

ONE of the riotous scenes that attended the close of the Hayes-Dorando race was present the other night when Longboat galloped home an easy winner over his doughty rival. One reason is that Canadians are neither as numerous nor as emotional as Dorando's fellow-countrymen hereabout. Besides, the emotional conditions were altogether different. Dorando, his fellow-countrymen had always regarded as the real winner of the Marathon. Sentiment accordingly played a lively part in their interest in the meeting with Hayes. To them it was a vindication of a national idol. And then, had Dorando, instead of falling by the way, hung on to the end leaving at best only a small margin of victory for the winner, it is difficult to say what might have happened. His passionate compatriots seemed excited enough at times to break all bounds, until one almost feared the consequences of a closely-contested finish. What did happen, however, stunned them so completely that, during the last moments of the race, they sat dazed, apparently unable to comprehend the misfortune that had befallen them.

The race itself was a magnificent spectacle, Longboat contributing the magnificence. Had this young Indian lived when Athens was in her glory Homeric songs would have been chanting his praises to this day. Classical students will laugh at this, of course, but we who are not biased by our learning may conclude that the only difference between the Greek and modern civilization that is not in favor of the latter is that the song is gone. And perhaps it is only the vastness of the modern world that makes it dumb. Longboat is a great runner in every sense, one to fire the imagination of poet or sculpture as well as the enthusiasm of the mere athlete. The Italian, on the other hand, while a fast runner with remarkable powers of endurance, is not a great runner in this aesthetic sense. Dorando, as you have been told, made the pace while the Indian strode behind. Out of the 262 laps run at least 230 were in this order. The psychology of the respective races they represented seemed admirably expressed in the gait they maintained. Dorando, short and stocky, runs with a quick, nervous step. Longboat's stride and air of imperturbability you know. Once in a while the Indian would take the lead and put a little energy into the race, but only for a lap or two. Then he would fall back and the old order would be resumed. This was a bit of psychology we were some time puzzling out. Was he impatient of the pace, was he anxious to give the audience a little run for his money now and then, or finding it impossible to shake off the Italian in a spurt did he fall back to await developments? Or was he just stretching his cramped legs?

Later, of course, we found that it was these carefully calculated intermittent bursts of speed that wore out the Italian. What we feared, even though it was obvious that the Canadian had his opponent at his mercy all the time, was one of those remarkable sprints in the last lap such as surprised Hayes and left him far in the rear. This, Longboat and his managers had cleverly guarded against, as events proved. At the twenty-third mile the Italian was a trifle pale and glanced uneasily over his shoulder now and then to locate his rival. But it was still either man's race. As they turned into the twenty-sixth mile Longboat took the lead and the real race began. The pace was terrific, but for four laps Dorando clung bravely to the Indian. As they turned into the fifth lap a great shout was heard, and the tension suddenly snapped. Something had happened, but what? The next moment Longboat was seen coming up the stretch alone running like a race horse that had kicked itself free of an annoying gig, and the race was over. He made the few remaining laps without diminishing his stride, and concluded the long race with an exhibition of speed that would do credit to a sprinter.

Longboat's victory proves him the greatest runner of the day. The fact that the time was 45 seconds slower than Dorando's previous record means nothing. Had Longboat been the least pressed he could have cut off one or two minutes—some say five—without any appreciable effort.

LAST week I related an instance of the remarkable effort of an influential and wealthy Episcopal down-town church to shepherd the flock that circumstance had driven into its once extensive fold. This week a controversy is being waged over the decision of the Corporation of Trinity Church to abandon one of its outlying parishes, St. John's Chapel, and move the congregation a mile further up-town. Over and over again down-town churches of wealth and influence have exposed themselves to the suspicion of moving away from uncongenial surroundings, and either neglecting altogether the spiritually unwashed or caring for them by proxy at a safe personal distance. The enemies of the move say that the present is a case in point.

St. John's is situated in a very undesirable locality, a quite impossible place of worship, I should say, for most of its members. I think it is Balzar who says that the sense of smell is in closer relation than any other to the cerebral system, and if vitiated is bound to cause invisible disturbance to the organs of thought. The spiritual organs seem to be quite as susceptible, and if the truth must be told the neighborhood about St. John's does smell vilely of garlic and other such things. This fact should season our judgment with charity. Moreover, to multiply the anomalies of churches and their adherents, while a comparatively easy task, will profit us little.

Besides, a number of disparate things are mixed up in this St. John's controversy. The old church is an ecclesiastical landmark which some think should be preserved at any price. Civic pride also enters into the dispute, and finally the question of how the most effective religious work may be done. The Corporation of Trinity claim that the last-named is the determining issue. They argue with some show of reason that the funds which are in the nature of a sacred trust, are not meant to be devoted to the preservation or to the beautifying of a piece

of civic architecture, interesting as its history may be. In a word, they discard an æsthetic ideal in favor of practical sociological reform efforts.

IN addition to this row the season of peace and goodwill has developed another of a rather different character farther up the State. At one of those union services in which the various denominations are wont to fraternize, a Methodist minister, apparently of the old school, was asked to preach from the pulpit of his brother Presbyterian. The sermon, it seems, was not to the Presbyterian's liking and at its close he said so publicly. Next day the two met on the street and a fight ensued. Which got the best of the argument has not been told. But it is so long since doctrinal disputes were settled in this manly way that the incident is worth recording. Time was, of course, when even an axe or the stake was employed to settle controversial points then and forever. In this day of grace we are more refined in our methods and do nothing worse than starve heretics into submission.

THE themes of public discourse this week have been unusually varied and many. Tariff Reforms was the principal topic at the dinner of the Ohio Society, President-elect Taft leading the discussion. At the McKinley memorial exercises later Mr. Taft delivered a glowing eulogy on the martyred President. Governor Hughes on the same occasion spoke to his favorite theme, "Civic Righteousness," and incidentally dealt political bossism another resounding whack. One of the remarkable things about the Governor is his optimism, an optimism that extends even to political conditions and institutions of government.

Professor Eliot, of Harvard, is not so hopeful. In an address before the Civic Forum the other night, he spoke on the subject of lawlessness and how American freedom has made it possible in many forms. He drew a dark picture of prevailing conditions, of the lawlessness of society in general; with its defences against criminals broken down; of the law-breaking corporations and promoters; of the corruption of the Bench and Senate, the lawlessness that attends industrial disputes, and of the lawless night riders and lynchers. The responsibility for this condition he places on society at large.

WE had a parting word also from Lord Northcliffe just before he sailed on the Lusitania. He had just returned from an inspection of his gigantic pulp plant in Newfoundland, and proceeded to tell Americans of the possibilities of that comparatively unknown and greatly maligned country. Canadians, he finds indifferent to reciprocity, Uncle Sam's effusive vows of affection arriving too late. He pays Canadian bands and Canadian business institutions the generous compliment of being unmatched anywhere. There were also a few goodly-sized bouquets for American display, but these would not interest you.

WOMAN'S Suffrage has also had another innings this week with Miss Arnold, niece, I believe, of Matthew Arnold, as the distinguished exponent of suffragette ideas. Miss Arnold devoted herself principally to the movement in England, and like her fellow-countrywomen who have preceded her on the New York platform, spoke hopefully of the prospects over the seas. England, she described, or had heard described, as wanting the ballot and not being able to get it, while American women could have it for the asking and do not want it. Until the women themselves are persuaded of its importance I presume mankind is justified in pursuing the even tenor of his way. Miss Arnold's distinguished relative, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, leader of the Anti-Suffrage movement, was characterized as the most dangerous foe the cause has.

THE cornerstone of the endowed New Theatre was laid the other day in the presence of a very distinguished company of social and stage celebrities. It was in many respects a notable assemblage, representative of perhaps the best in the dramatic aspirations of this country. Governor Hughes and President Roosevelt each sent letters



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This is the new house, which, when opened, will aim to stimulate dramatic ideals. For want of a better name it has been called the New Theatre.

endorsing the project and wishing the new movement all success. Mayor McClellan and Mr. Augustus Thomas, the playwright, delivered addresses. Mr. Richard Watson Gilder read a poem written by himself for the occasion. The Metropolitan Opera Chorus sang a choral written by Mr. Percy Mackaye, and Miss Geraldine Farrar sang "The Star-Spangled Banner" with great effect.

Mr. Augustus Thomas thought that the success of the National Theatre would be "measured by the degree with which it presents stimulating ideals, ideals applicable not only to civilization outgrown, but ideals in advance of the present achievement—ideals that make for the people's growth, whether those ideals be voiced by old plays or by new ones."

The New Theatre, we are told, will begin its first season next November under the direction of Winthrop Ames, director; Lee Shubert, business manager, and John Corbin, literary manager. The outcome will be watched with interest.

THEATRICAL interest for the week will centre around the production of Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows," said to be this writer's masterpiece. Miss Adams will play the leading role, and it is safe to say will give an adequate presentation. J. E. W.

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The Passing of Penelope

A CHRISTMAS TALE FROM THE SOUTH

BY GRACE E. DENISON

AUNT CELIA was the general encyclopedia for all inquirers into ante-bellum affairs in the South, and to see her, to hear her speak, to listen to her words of wisdom, warning, regret and retrospect, was to travel back into the earliest sixties, to live through those terrible four years, while brother was arrayed against brother, when men and women plighted, reft their promises asunder with words of scorn and reproach, when father and son felt their blood curdle against each other, when women cursed their children who were loyal to the Union, and sisters turned their backs upon brothers who fought under the flag that carried the single star. On one day when Aunt Celia had come into town to do her quarterly shopping she told me a story which often comes to my memory at Christmas time. Aunt Celia, enthroned on her road-wagon of antique shape and guiding her sober-eyed young steer through the shady streets, was a sight at which many a smile arose, widening to delighted grins on the faces of tourists, to whom Aunt Celia and "Columbus" were alike objects of novel interest.

Columbus was attached to the road-wagon by divers ropes, chains and straps, and Aunt Celia held the reins high, balancing her huge umbrella at the same time with a dexterity achieved by long practice. Columbus was a steer of gentle manners and good temper, who stalked through the town with tolerance and deliberation, listening with obvious disregard to his charioteer's varied commands, exhortations and criticisms.

And so it happened that, while Columbus munched his noonday luncheon, Aunt Celia told me this story, which many people did not know.

"I used to wait on Miss P'nel'pe, Mass' Joe, Fitz Randolph's lil' gal, ever sence de day her ma died, in a c'yage accident over on de hills," she began. "I jess been over to see my graves to-day, Missie, and I can't quit thinking of her. Lil' Miss P'nel'pe war jess a mite more'n five feet high, with de spirit of a grown man. Never see such a spirit, never hope to, no more. When her Pa—old Mass' Joe—and her brothers—young Mass' Charles and young Mass' Randolph—went out fighting, she screamed because she war a lil' gal, and said she going anyhow. Den' when old Mass' Joe come home wounded and died, and de young gem'men git wounded and die, Miss Pen she nigh go offen her haid."

"Jess like all de rest dose poor ladies, left all alone, and no one to protect her but ole slaves. Miss Pen and me we offen set till midnight whispering under de trees, 'fraid to say things for fear we git in trouble, and dose Yankee folk quartered all around us. We jess had one place to set and fell safe, in de Lady Arbor, beyond de creek, over de lil' bridge, de furdest corner of de park. Dat's whar I live now, you know, sence de day de place was parcelled out and sold. One of dose Yankees bought in dat acre, after Miss Pen gone up to New York to work. A mean-looking lil' man he seemed to us, after being used to Fitz Randolph people, but dey was dead and he was alive—dat's so!"

"When he come to me and remarks, 'Aunt Celia, I bought in de crick and de lil' Lady Arbor, and de ground over de crick, and I wish you fer go live dere, and be ready for Miss P'nel'pe whenever she pass by dis way, or if she want for come home. I kin spare you 'bout twenty-five dollars de quarter. Kin you make out on dat?"

"Make out," I told him. "Why, Yankee man, dat's one hundred dollars a year—dat's a heap o' money."

"You'll come in and draw it every quarter," he tell me, 'jess over dar in de bank."

"But, whaffors?" I ask him. "Where's de work I do for all dat money?"

"You won't have much work. Jess you fix up de front room in de Lady Arbor for you young lady, and keep it sweet and clean, and you live in de back room and keep it sweet and clean, so if Miss Pen come back home, or if she jess pass by and stop over, you always be ready!"

"Dat's all right," I promise, and he rides off; but one day I stop him in de station when he jess getting aboard de train for de Norf and I pintedly question him whaffor he buy de lil' piece of wood by de creek, and de Lady Arbor for me and Miss Pen.

"Dere's a reason, Aunt Celia," he tell me. "Some day, maybe, I tell you." And he swung on de train and went.

"He'd bought in all Miss Pen's lil' fixin's, her writing desk with all de lil' brass knobs on de drawers, and her rocking chairs, and her lil' white bed and dresser and her pictures and her lil' piano, and had 'em all stacked in de Lady Arbor, whar I live now—you 'member? So I cleaned de windows, and put up de sash curtains and got it all neat and ready, if Miss Pen would come back. And every quarter I got my money, jess so from de bank, and did my buying and put what's left back in de bank, for there's a heap mean people round jess after de war's over, I tell you! Sometimes I dream Miss Pen's coming over de bridge and calling, 'Auntie Celia, Auntie Celia,' and I bounce outer bed calling, 'Yes, chile, yes, Missie Pen,' and dere's nothing but de lil' crick giggling and de stars winking at what a ole fool nigger I be!"

"It's gone years and years sence de Yankee man buy de Lady Arbor, and sometimes I feel like my heart would surely burst when I think whar is my lil' missie, and whaffor don't she come. Dere's lots of money in de bank—maybe two, three hundred dollars, and I only keeps it for fear Miss Pen want a good time when she come, and I be short."

"One day while I was feed my hens behind de Lady Arbor, two, three pickanninies from de town came creeping by de bridge calling, 'Oh, Aunt Celia!' Dey dassent come across, because I tole dem dey's a hoodoo dis side, what love to catch and eat pickanninies. So I holler back: 'Whaffor you call, chile?' And de chile say: 'White man coming for see you right away, if you be home.' And dey all run for der life, 'cause of de hoodoo."

"Den I know I maybe git news from Miss Pen, and

I feel glad. I shop real liberal for Christmas dat quarter. Jess when I got de lattice windows open up, and de curtains all shake out nice, dere plunging across de bridge come de Yankee man. He look spent and sick and mighty pale, but before I kin ask how he be, he calls out: 'She coming, Aunt Celia; Miss Pen, she coming back to-day.'

"Right away?"

"By de four train, dat gits in 'bout dark?" he call, and sit down on de step of de Lady Arbor like he clard done out.

"You borrow de road wagon and Columbus," I tell him. "Go fetch Miss P'nel'pe in, and I be all ready long ahead of dat."

"So he go slow down de wood road, and, crickey, how I do make myself busy. De best hen make her last prayer, and de beaten biscuit jess be like snow on de pan. Everything go like magic, and Miss Pen's lil' room, small—de sweetest you ever see, with all sorts of late blooms and vines. It was almost dark when I hear de road wagon bumping and Columbus tramping down de wood road. Sure I was over de bridge in a second, and watching for lil' Miss P'nel'pe. I hope I never see another minute like dat next one, when de road wagon stop before me, and I catch de view of my lil' chile, leaning on de Yankee man, but holding 'out her arms to me. When she left me, she was pale and like I tole you, de lil'lest grown woman I ever see, but now she was all gone—all—jess a few bones, and de big eyes and de voice crying, 'Oh, Aunt Celia, I've come back home!'

"I carried her in and lay her on de bed, dumb and broken so I cannot speak, and she stroke my cheek with her lil' hand and say, 'Never mind, Aunt Celia, I'm home, and I'll never go away again as long as I live.'

"After she drink something de Yankee man give me, and pick a taste of de biscuit and de fried chicken, and smell de roses from de south wall, she say, 'Now, I go to bed, Aunt Celia—good-night.' And she put her lil' hand out to de man for make farewell. So he go to de city, and leave her to me, and I bathe her lil' bones, and brush out her curls, and sing her to sleep in de big rocker,



CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

like I did twenty-five years ago, when her ma die after de c'yage accident up in de hills.

"And she so all tired out, she soon fast asleep, in her white bed, and den I leave her, and close up de Lady Arbor, and go out under de trees and wrestle in prayer for her. I tell de Lord, how young Miss Pen be, and what a hard time He send her, and how she ought to have a chance to get well, now she come back home, and how good de Yankee man be to her, and sure de Lord be better dan a Yankee man! And den I tell Him how long I wait for Miss Pen, and how I jess bound up in her, and someway, while I lay it all out clear for de Lord to consider, a cold chill seem to creep down my spine, and a lil' voice seem to say, 'No use, Celia, de Lord's mind made up and He ain't listen to all your talk.'

"Den I 'member it was Christmas Eve, and so I start in once more, and ask de Lord to 'member how He was once jess a lil' chile, and how He was chased to be killed, and how He got away, and how He lived for de good of de world, and would He jess leave me Miss Pen? And all de time dat awful lil' voice keep saying, 'No use, de Lord don't hear you.'

"So I get back in de Lady Arbor, and Miss Pen still asleep, so I pull in my bed and lay down at her feet, and de two of us sleep till de sun shine on Christmas."

Miss Pen tell me a lot dat morning while I bathe her and do up her curls. She tell me how she work in de Norf, and how good people be to her, and best of all de Yankee man, and she never tired of wondering why dat Yankee man buy in her things, and de Lady Arbor, and why he keep me always ready, case she want to come home.

"Dat's what I always wonder, too," I tell her. 'De Yankee man got a wife and chile, maybe?'

"Oh, yes, he has four children. One is a great lad, and he is not well, Aunt Celia, did you notice?"

"I notice he all mixed up and fussy about you, Miss Pen, and come to think he pretty pale and thin, too. Dat ole Norf jess kill people off, if dey don't come home."

"She put out her arms to me. 'Ah, yes, Aunt Celia. It kills us off, if we don't come home. I am glad I had time to come home!'

"And then she drew herself up in her lil' bed, and laid her cheek jess here, jess on my bosom, and sighed one long satisfied breath and was gone."

"I don't know how long I held her, 'fraid to move or look or speak, but I knew quite well she was gone Home, lil' Miss Pen, whar she'd have a good rest."

Aunt Celia sat silent for full five minutes, looking somberly out toward Columbus, who, having finished his luncheon, stood dozing in the shade. Suddenly the tall negress stood up.

"De Yankee man was very kind all through," she said, slowly. "He did everything for me and Miss Pen. We buried her beside her pa, and put her name below Mass Joe and young Mass Charles and Mass Randolph on de pillar de Yankee man set up."

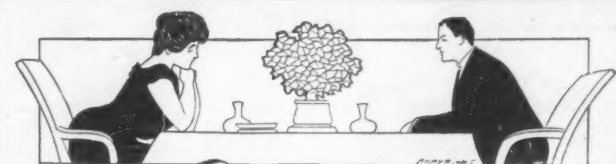
(Concluded on page 19.)

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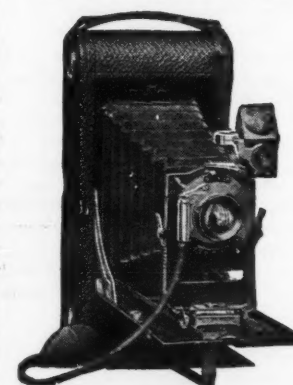


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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE marriage of Miss Gussie Smith, of 43 Borden street, and Mr. Richardson, of Nelson, B.C., took place at half-past seven on Tuesday evening at the home of the bride's parents, Rev. J. S. Broughall, of St. Stephen's Church, officiating. The bride wore a white embroidered net robe over taffeta, and a wreath of white heather in her dark hair, and carried a bouquet of Bride roses. There were no attendants. The bride's father gave her away. After the ceremony the wedding breakfast was served at quartette tables, the company including the large family connection of the groom in the vicinity of this city, and the relatives of the bride, with two or three intimate friends. Some very handsome presents were arranged in the second drawing-room, and the rooms were hung with Christmas bells and other seasonable decorations. Mr. and Mrs. Richardson will return for the New Year, when the bride will receive at 43 Borden street, on January 2 before leaving for Nelson, B.C.

Mrs. John Taylor, Bernard avenue, has returned from a visit to friends in Buffalo. I heard of a funny and rather exasperating result of the embargo on everything liable to bring the dreaded foot and mouth disease into Canada. The host of Mrs. Taylor brought a party in his motor to Lewiston, but were not allowed to cross over into Canada, and had to turn about and return to their home. Baby carriages and bicycles are also barred from crossing the river, as they may bring in the disease on their wheels. One would find an airship just right over there, under the circumstances.

Lady Laurier spent a little while in Toronto last week, a guest at Llawhaden, and returned to Ottawa on Saturday.

Upper Canada College was en fete on Tuesday night, for the annual dance, of which the rifle corps are the hosts. The pretty girls were there in shoals, looking their best, and there were a good many men who had to watch very closely to secure partners for each dance, as the belles were in the minority. Among the chaperons was Mrs. Auden, who only arrived home from England on Monday after a rough voyage, and nevertheless looked very well. Mrs. Goldie in black with handsome white lace, Miss Kittermaster, Mrs. Auden's sister, who is on a visit to her, Mrs. Parry, who brought her daughter Miss Gladys, Mrs. Graham Chambers, looking very handsome in blue with white lace, who also had a fair maid to chaperone, Mrs. Prant Macdonald in black with cerise in her dark hair, who had her sweet young daughter, a not-out, in pale blue, Miss Dorothy Walker, Miss Isabel Alexander, Miss Evelyn Taylor in white lace, Miss Elizabeth Blackstock in white voile and satin, Miss Mary Clark, looking very nice in a dainty gown, Miss Eleanor Mackenzie in pink, with tiny rosebuds in her hair, was charming; Miss Vivien Boulton was in a pretty white dress, Miss Gladys Gurney in white point d'esprit and lace, Miss Marjory Malcolm in pale blue, Miss Hilda Burton in pale blue and white, Miss Miller, of St. Catharines, very pretty in a white frock, Miss Archie Towner in white, Miss Marguerite Wedd in mauve, Miss Maud Weir in pink silk, Miss Saunders in pale blue, Miss Mabel Lennox in yellow, Miss Grace Mackenzie in pink, Miss Gillies in lavender satin with Greek bands in her pretty brown hair, were a very few of the girls present. Supper was served about eleven in the refectory down stairs, the long buffet being very smartly decorated with poinsettias and white flowers, and many small tables being set all over the large hall. Everything went merrily, as befits this festive week, and the music and floor were very delightful, though as usual there was a huge crowd. Many of the young folks preferred a quiet sit-out in some cosy corner, to braving the terrors of a dance when the space was so completely filled. There are any number of tempting sitting-out places at U. C. C., and each of them had constant occupancy. The rifle corps were in scarlet tunics which made the scene of unusual brightness, and altogether the by-by dance before vacation was a splendid success.

Miss Bessie Keefer has returned from Ottawa. Mrs. Major, of Niagara Falls, is spending Christmas with her parents, Sir James and Lady Grant, in Ottawa.

Mrs. Franklin Dawson is spending Christmas in Germany.

Last Saturday evening a very clever cast presented a curtain-raiser and a little play at Lady Edgar's home, and the acting was so excellent and appreciated that the ladies and gentlemen have been asked to present the same plays for charity next month and have consented to do so. The well-known playlet, "A Pair of Lunatics," was

admirably done by Mr. Clement Pepler and Miss Marjorie Edgar, and the farce, "Ici on Parle Francais," had the following cast: Major Regulus Rattan, Mr. Keithock Edgar; Victor Dubois, Mr. Hicks; Mr. Spriggins, Mr. Agar Adamson; Mrs. Spriggins, Miss Frances Thompson; Angelina Spriggins, Mrs. Chapman; Mrs. Rattan, Miss Grasset; Anna Marion (maid of all work), Miss Marjorie Edgar. Some of the audience were Lady Thompson, Mrs. E. Wragge, Miss Helena Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Grasset, Mr. and Miss Cattanauch, Miss Elsie Gordon, Miss Marguerite Fleury, the Misses Cayley, Mr. Beverley and Miss Robinson, Miss Campbell, of Carbrook, Miss A. Boulton, Miss Millicent Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Pepler, Mr. and Mrs. Temple Blackwood, Mr. Long-Innes, Mrs. Agar Adamson, Miss Louie Janes, Mr. H. Baldwin, Messrs. and Miss Armour, and many others.

Miss Rosamond Boulton and Mrs. H. C. McLeod are visiting Miss Boulton's relative, Admiral Field, C.B., at his beautiful place, "The Grove," near Gosport.

Miss Fielding, who has been visiting Mrs. Mulock in Cluny avenue, has returned to her home in Ottawa.

Mrs. Wm. Boulton has taken 73 Walmer road, now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Le Mesurier, and will take possession in the spring.

Mr. George Hees has endowed a bed in the men's ward in the Oswego Hospital, and presented the authority with a check for three thousand dollars for that purpose. The trustees are calling the bed the "George H. Hees Memorial Bed."

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Tait are former residents in Toronto, who do not forget their friends here, and several have received pretty cards from them, from far Australia. Mr. and Mrs. Tait are so highly esteemed in the land of their temporary adoption that they find their time only too brief to enjoy all the kind hospitalities of their Australian friends and do their part in return as hosts. Never has been a gayer race meeting in the Antipodes than this Fall's Cup week. Miss Winifred Tait is to make her debut next season, but is now quite a well-known belle in everything but the most formal and ceremonious events.

Mr. Carlton Monk and Mr. Gordon Mortimer (son of the British Vice-Consul in California), both cadets at R.M.C., Kingston, are here for the vacation, visiting Mr. Monk's parents in Markham street.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert McCullough, of Galt, have been in town this week.

Last Saturday afternoon in St. Peter's Church, Carlton street, the marriage of Captain Charles H. Porter, R.G., and Miss Isabel Neil was celebrated, Rev. W. Creswick, of Brighton, officiating. The bride wore a Directoire dress of ivory crepe with point lace and satin bands, a tulle veil and crown of lily of the valley, and carried Bride roses. Miss Neil, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid, and Major Darrell Warren, G.G.B.G., was best man. Captain Adams, R.G., and Mr. L. H. Neil, of New Liskeard, were the ushers. After the reception Captain and Mrs. Porter went to New York for their honeymoon and on their return will make their home at 13 Poplar Plains road.

The engagement of Hon. Senator George A. Cox and Miss Amy Gertrude Sterling, eldest daughter of Mr. Walter Sterling, was announced this week.

At Mrs. Winn's tea in honor of Mrs. Edward Jones's 89th birthday last Saturday, Mrs. Jones received many beautiful flowers, and carried a fine bouquet of lily of the valley, given her by a very old friend, Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn. Miss Hope Morgan sang beautifully during the tea, and Mrs. and Miss Selley, of Detroit, were guests from out-of-town.

Among those giving holiday entertainments for the not-outs are Mrs. John I. Davidson, Mrs. J. D. Hay and Mrs. Murray Alexander. Two or three other hostesses are entertaining next week for sons or daughters home for the vacation, and skating parties, sleigh drives and snow tramps, with supper to follow, are on every night.

Mrs. Shoenberger will entertain on New Year's night for her daughters' young friends, who are looking forward to a happy evening.

One by one the engagements of which I give warning are being announced. The most interesting of all is still rather a secret and another, in which the ocean just now rolls between the principals, has been all but told me.

As this paper comes out on Thursday this week, a day earlier on account of the holiday, several events must wait over till next week for comment and description. And, by the way, I am able to wish all friends of this column, to whom I am often indebted for interesting news, the happiest of Christmases and the best of New Years.

If only Their Excellencies could spare us a fortnight in January, how happy they would make the debutantes, and older folks as well.

Miss Charlotte Ferguson, 404 Manning avenue, has gone to visit Dr. and Mrs. Aubrey McElhinney, Metcalfe street, Ottawa.

Mrs. Langmuir, 15 Roxborough street east, had a family party for dinner on Christmas Day.

The subjects of the Trinity Lenten lectures for 1909 are "Phases of the Sixteenth Century." February 20—Professor H. V. Routh, M.A. (Cantab.), Trinity College; subject, "Fools, Rogues and Vagabonds." February 27—G. S. Stevenson, M.A. (Edin.), Trinity College; subject, "George Buchanan: Poet and Scholar of the Renaissance." March 6—G. S. Brett, M.A. (Oxon.), Trinity College; subject, "Conflict of Science and Superstition." March 13—Professor P. G. C. Campbell, M.A. (Oxon.), Queen's University; subject, "Rabelais." March 20—Professor H. C. Simpson, M.A. (Oxon.), Trinity College; subject, "English Plays and Playwrights." March 27—Professor M. A. Mackenzie, M.A. (Oxon.), University of Toronto; subject, "The Sea Dogs."

The fourteenth annual charity ball in aid of the Toronto Jewish Benevolent Societies will take place at the Toronto Building, on Thursday evening, December 31.

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PICTURES SHOWING THE SIMPLICITY OF HATS WORN BY ROYAL WOMEN

Grey Trophy Musical Tests.

THERE promises to be no falling off in the interest taken in the next competition for the Earl Grey Amateur Musical and Dramatic Trophy, to be held in Montreal in April. The honorary secretary, Mr. F. C. T. O'Hara, Deputy Minister of Trade and Commerce, Ottawa, has had an unusually large number of enquiries for copies of the regulations covering the contests. For the past two years the competition has been held in the Russell Theatre, Ottawa, and the week's productions have been witnessed by crowded houses. The executive committee decided to hold the next trials in Montreal, with the idea that the following year they should take place in Toronto. There is every reason to believe that the contests in Montreal will be an even greater success than those already held. Earl Grey and suite will be in attendance every evening, and it is expected that there will be large and fashionable audiences. The trophies are now held by the Ottawa Conservatory Orchestra and the Ottawa Thespian Dramatic Club.

The regulations provide that all the musical entries shall include in their programme a prescribed piece of music. The selection of these numbers has now been made by the committee as follows:

For Mixed Chorus—1. "Wings of a Dove," by Howard Brockway, Op. 24 (Schirmer); 2. Elgar's "Challenge of Thor" (Novello).

For Men's Chorus—"In Winter," Kremser (Schirmer).

For Women's Chorus—"The Sleeping Beauty," by Felix Woyrach (Novello).

For Full Orchestra—Mendelssohn's Hebrides Overture.

For String Orchestra—Massenet's "Dream of the Virgin."

The Star.

This strong little poem by Mr. Stringer is featured in a recent issue of Harper's Weekly. It is accompanied by a full-page drawing, which shows a little female street urchin staring up with pitiful wonderment at the stage door of a theatre.

HOW strange it seems to wondering eyes

That walls so dark can hold
Such music and such magic skies,
Such Fairy-lands of gold!

They seem so high above the earth,
Where cold and hunger are,
'Tis well indeed these queens of mirth
Have called their queen a Star!

—Arthur Stringer.

By an inadvertence, reference to the production of "Iolanthe," by Mr. Schuch's opera singers, under the auspices of the Argonaut Rowing Club, at Massey Hall, was omitted from last week's issue. This excellent and well organized company of amateur talent gave very interesting productions of the good old Gilbert and Sullivan opera. Miss Katie Tough, as Iolanthe, sang and acted in a manner that won both admiration and applause. Miss Margaret George was quite equal to the role of Queen of the Fairies, and Miss Nellie Corbett made an engaging Phyllis. Mr. Eugene V. Portway filled admirably the role of the Lord Chancellor. Mr. Ambrose T. Pike, as Stephen, the shepherd, was very successful. Mr. Stuart Jackson and Mr. C. Kingsley Brooke, as the two Earls, did spirited work. The other principals, Mr. Lewis A. Till, Miss Dottie Lamont, Miss Isobel Gill, and Miss Blanch Hopkins, sang their music very acceptably. Mr. Schuch deserves much credit for the manner in which the production was staged, and also for the work of the chorus of forty-five, the orchestra of twenty, and the score of dancers, all of whom were very capably trained.

By such performances the Argonauts not only give pleasure to their friends, but do considerable toward the development of amateur musical and acting talent in the city.

A REST CURE.

In giving due credit to the wonderful remedial Springs of Europe we are apt to lose sight of the value of the ones nearer home. About one

thousand Springs of various medicinal virtues exist in America. Of one of them Hare's System of Therapeutics (1891), page 523, thus speaks: "A number of Saline Springs exist in America and Europe, very strong water of this kind being the St. Catharines Well in Canada, which contains about 275 grains sodium chloride to the pint, as well as 135 grains calcium chloride. Its prototype in Europe is the celebrated Kreutznach Springs in Prussia, which contains about 110 grains sodium chloride (Kurbrennen)." Other references are Encyclopædia Britannica, Appleton's American Encyclopædia, The Allbutts System of Medicine, etc. The Grand Trunk Railway System's trains run direct to St. Catharines, and further information can be obtained from their representatives. Apply to city office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets.

USEFUL SUGGESTIONS FOR CHRISTMAS.

In order to have your Christmas gift appreciated as much as you would like it to be, it is well to try and think out, when buying it, what the person whom it is intended for would really like.

Try and put yourself in their place. Now most people appreciate things which they can use in daily life more than anything else.

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There is more distinction about Perrin Gloves than almost anything else.

Mr. T. H. Lee, of the wholesale jewelry firm of T. H. Lee & Son, was presented with a magnificent mahogany and morocco easy chair by St. Andrew's Masonic lodge, at the December meeting. The occasion marked the fiftieth anniversary of Mr. Lee as a Mason, and was the event of an evening devoted to a reception by St. Andrew's of the veterans of the craft. Among those present were: Hon. J. M. Gibson, Lieutenant-Governor, Hon. J. K. Kerr, K.C., Mr. J. Ross Robertson, Mr. E. T. Malone, K.C., Mayor Oliver, Sir Aemileus Irving, and many other past grand Lodge officers and distinguished members of the Masonic fraternity.

LOW RATES FOR NEW YEAR'S.

Via Grand Trunk Railway system, between all stations in Canada, also to Detroit and Port Huron, Mich., Buffalo, Black Rock, Niagara Falls and Suspension Bridge, N.Y.

At single fare—Good going Dec. 31, 1908, and Jan. 1, 1909, return limit Jan. 4, 1909.

At fare and one-third—Good going Dec. 28, 1908, to Jan. 1, 1909, return limit, Jan. 5, 1909. Full information from any Grand Trunk Agent.

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The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

BIRTHS.
GRANT—At Walkerville, Ont., Dec. 17, 1908, to Mr. and Mrs. William M. Grant, a daughter.

McFADYEN—In Toronto, Dec. 30, 1908, to Prof. and Mrs. McFadyen, 67 Roxborough street, a son.

BRIDGLAND—At Barrie, Dec. 18, 1908, the wife of Mr. P. Bridgland, B.A., D.L.S. of Calgary, a son.

YOUNG—In Toronto, Dec. 17, 1908, the wife of Capt. Douglas Young, of a daughter.

HAWKEN—At Montreal, Dec. 14, 1908, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hawken, a son.

MARRIAGES.
SINGER-LYONS—At 244 St. George street, Dec. 16, 1908, Leah Lyons to Mr. Israel Singer.

BARKER-LABRON—At St. John's church, Norway, Dec. 21, 1908, by Rev.

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The New England Woman says: "I guess I need a new pair of shoes." The Middle-States woman says: "I expect I do." The Southerner says: "I reckon I do." The Westerner says: "I calculate I do." But they all, if they are wise, know that the shoes they want are "Queen Quality" Shoes, the great luxury in footwear at no advance in cost—\$4.00, \$4.50 and \$5.00 the pair

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W. L. Baynes-Reed, Minnie H. Labron, daughter of the late Mr. Joseph Labron, of Carleton Place, to Major R. Kent Barker, of Toronto.

WINTERS-McFARLANE—Montreal, Dec. 18, 1908, at St. Stephen's church, by Rev. Louis Evans, Dean of Montreal, Ruth, only daughter of Mr. L. B. McFarlane, to Dr. G. A. Winters, of Toronto.

KEITH-LLOYD—At Mount Pleasant Presbyterian church, Vancouver, Dec. 7, 1908, by Rev. J. W. Woodside, Mildred Beatrice Lloyd, to Fraser Sanderson Keith, B.Sc.

DEATHS.

MANLY—At his residence, Lawton avenue, Deer Park, Dec. 30, 1908, Rev. John Grange Manly, aged 84 years.

MUNROE—At Port Elgin, Ont., Dec. 19, 1908, Robert Munroe, editor of the Port Elgin Times, in his 52nd year.

GILLISPIE—At "Spruceclaw," Cannington, Ont., Dec. 22, 1908, Donald Gillispie, M.D.

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"STYMMIED": A GOLF STORY

By W. HASTINGS WEBLING

IT had been a perfect day for golf; hardly any wind to speak of, the sky a soft silvery grey, and the greens in fine condition, after a recent shower. George and I had just finished a rattling couple of rounds, and good old George, who, by the way, is "one of the best," had just tied me on the last hole, with a long and wiley putt, and then tried to look unconcerned as if he were quite prepared for the result.

We had done ourselves fairly well at dinner, and now sat round and smoked comfortably in the cosiest little smoke-room in the world.

George was the first to interrupt the quiet ticking of the clock, with this startling observation:

"Horace, old man, you and I have been pals since we were knee-high to a grasshopper."

I nodded, wondering what was to follow.

"We have always sort of pooled our fun and had a pretty good time of it together, taking all in all—eh?"

"Right!" I admitted.

"And we always intended to go on just in about the same sweet way till the enemy 'butts in' and shouts 'Fore!'—am I right?"

"Correct as cash," I allowed.

"Well, my boy, we're on the wrong course and it can't be done. Now, don't interrupt, except you insist on pressing that button—in which case, mine's the usual and Radnor."

"As I was saying," continued George, after making a capital approach at his tumbler, "we've always hit it off together in good shape. We both enjoy a fairly reasonable income, thanks to our incomparable parents on the male side. Club life agrees with us, and golf keeps us fit. All of which is good, but not everything. A cloud has arisen on our horizon," he said dramatically—"the fairest, dearest little bud of a cloud, and although we have both pretended not to notice it, still we are both equally cognizant of its gradual but overwhelming importance and its probable effect on our destiny."

George paused for breath, and incidentally took a short approach and holed out on his "something and Radnor." My cigar had gone out and I fumbled for a match, for I knew what was coming.

"I refer to Miss Evelyn Maud Egglestone, the only daughter of that doughty and thirsty warrior, Col. Fitzfyll Egglestone, late of His Majesty's 43rd Rifles—a man whom we both tolerate only on account of his peerless possession and not for any of his other qualifications."

"He put me in the Bunker at number seven yesterday, in our two-ball foursome," I muttered parenthetically.

"He trumped my perfectly good Jack of spades the night before," grumbled George—"but I forgave him, and so did you—why?"

"Because of his peerless possession," I ventured.

"Right you are, old sport; which brings us back to the subject, and to the fact that our glasses are empty. Nature abhors a vacuum—kindly agitate the communicator, and I will get our worthy steward to correct the omission—thank you!"

"I think you will agree with me," continued George, "that there are some things in this world we cannot pool—"

"Look here, George, old chap, I quite understand what you are driving at. (I felt I had to get into the conversation or burst.) Miss Egglestone is an angel, and I don't wonder that she has affected you in this manner. She would affect a seventeenth century monk; she has affected me. I felt her mystic influence from the first time I saw her. She was just my idea of what a sweet, unsophisticated girl should be, and I don't mind telling you, strictly between ourselves, that I worship the very ground she walks on. I shall never forget her first appearance in our midst, the beginning of last July, the day I made a 39 for the cup."

"She wore one of those ravishing white clingy sort of dresses and a pink 'merry widow' of wonderful dimensions," broke in George.

"Pardon me," I gently reminded him, "it was a mauve hat with a long white feather."

"Perhaps so," admitted George, who is color blind but doesn't know it. "It must have been her parasol was pink."

"That also was a shade of mauve," I firmly persisted—"however *im-porte*, I made up my mind from that moment life would be intolerable without Miss Egglestone."

"I secured her a comfortable chair on the shady side of the veranda. I supplied her with two cups of tea, and all the cake I could collect within easy range. She was perfectly

charming and hungry, and she introduced me to her papa, the Colonel, who instantly booked me for a game next day, when I allowed him to romp home an easy winner after one of the most sacrilegious exhibitions of golf it has ever been my misfortune to witness. Why did I do it?—why would I do anything?—for her sweet sake, just for her!"

"Your enthusiasm does you infinite credit," agreed George, "I feel exactly the same way—I know all about it—we've both got it bad. No one knows but myself how I've suffered at the hands of that colonel. He smokes my best cigarettes, he bores me with his past, balls up my hand at bridge, bones my cash when he wins, and dashes off I.O.U.'s when he loses—all of which I pocket gracefully for the sake, the dear sake, of his daughter. You little realize how I love that girl, Horace, and if you were not what you are and always will be—one of the very best—I would have long since declared myself—colonel or no colonel."

"George," I said solemnly, "you have made my sentiments your own and voiced my inmost thoughts—what shall we do about it?"

"I've been thinking this over very carefully," said George, "and a scheme that should appeal to you, as it does to me, suddenly came into my head. What do you say to playing off for the honor of claiming Miss Egglestone for a bride?"

"George," I exclaimed, "you are a wonder. Why, that will clear the whole situation. She will indeed be a prize worthy of competition—when shall it be?"

"To-morrow—sooner the better," said George, excitedly. "I'll be ready for you at 9 a.m. by the clock. We will play 18 holes in the morning and 18 in the afternoon, and let the best man win."

"We'll both be that," I chuckled. "for Miss Egglestone will be mine. You shall be my best man—and there we are!"

At that point we had to have a final in honor of the scheme, and both separated at a reasonable hour to prepare for the morrow's battle.

NEXT morning we started out punctually to play, and much as I think of old George, it was my intention to win that match or know the reason why. There was also a determined look about George's face that bore a wordless warning. We had reached a point where "friend-

the long grass and I had landed in the bunker. The wind was high, but it hardly prevented me hearing some language that George keeps for special occasions. I don't think he could hear my few remarks, so it was all right.

We got out of one set of difficulties only to fall into others. George lost his ball at the "tenth," and I broke my favorite loftier—I had another, but you know what that means to a fellow. Yet we struggled on, the wind with aggravating ferocity spoiling our best efforts, and generally interfering with our usually calm and even dispositions. It was awful. More by luck than good play I was "two up" at the "15th." I over-approached the "16th," and George got in a dead one, and holed out in bogey. He just managed to win the "17th," which made us all square and one to play.

George topped his drive, but got a beautiful brassy straight down the course, and we "were like as we lie" on the green.

Now for a putt—I was about three yards off the hole, George a trifle less. I got down on one knee and carefully studied the lay of the land. Then, joy of joys! my ball, perfectly timed and true, just dribbled in the hole.

George was white but calm. His ball, a little strong, struck the lip of the cup and rolled about three inches to the right. *I had won!*

George, who is, by the way (as I have always maintained) "one of the very, very best," came over and silently grasped my hand, and we shook, then slowly wended our way back to the clubhouse.

III.

THERE was the awful colonel waiting on the steps to receive us—face redder than ever, and evidently bursting with excitement.

"Ah! boys, I've been waiting for you. I want you to join me in a drink."

[Wonder of wonders—what was going to happen?]

"I have a great bit of news for you—something that I flatter myself can hardly fail to please you both, dem-ably."

We followed him into the smoke-room, and watched him carefully, with a certain amount of suspicion, as we gave the required orders and settled the bill.

"Now, boys—you are like boys to me, you know! I am going to do you the honor of announcing—and you

with cheerful inspiration, "and hang the expense."

But there—I have ever declared George is one of the very best.

The Christmas Lambs.

OUR kitchen's nice round Christmas-time!

I can't see in th' great big pot; It's where th' crullers—they come fun—

An' what's inside is drefle hot! I mustn't stand too near th' stove. 'Cause "spatters" might get on my dress.

My Mother thinks that things round there

Would burn her Little Girl, I guess.

An' so I stay real close to her

When she puts aprons round her waist

An' rolls th' rings out on a board.

Sometimes she lets me have a "taste."

An' then, you see, I'm helpin' too—

I help her 'member she mus' make

A lot of little cruller lambs—

I like that kind of Christmas cake!

Th' lamb when he goes in th' pot

He's yellow, an' he looks all flat;

But when they lift him out of it,

W'y, he's all brown an' round an' fat!

I have to wait till he's "cooled off"

'Fore I can have my lamb to eat;

An' Mother, she puts "wool" on him

Wif sugar—that's what makes him sweet.

An' after, when my Father comes,

I get a lamb for him to see.

My Mother laughs at how he does;

She says he's "big a child as me."

She don't like lambs in bed, I guess;

But Father says to let me keep

It squeezed all tight up in my hands—

An' that's th' way I went to sleep!

—Marie Louise Tompkins, in Harper's Weekly.

Our Growing Vocabulary.

I PURCHASED me a motor many,

many years ago,

And used to mote me thisaway and that;

I slaughtered countless fauna and a dozen folk or so,

The world was sure my oyster, on a plat;

But now the outlook's different, and my motor gathers rust—

I spurn it—let it stand around and loaf;

I long for sport much stranger which is fuller far of danger—

Ah, how I'd rather aviate than chauff!

What fun is there in spinning through a city's dinky dining?

How much I'd rather aviate than chauff.

I'm sick of honking swiftly over common, stupid streets,

I'm sick of all the things the coppers do;

I'm ill of turning chickens into little fresh mince-meats,

I'm bored of cutting ladies half in two.

I want to cleave the ether in a dizzy aeroplane

(Who doesn't is a dullard and an oaf)—

I long to skim the breezes like a bunch of well-skinned cheeses,

For I had rather aviate than chauff—

(I never, never, hammer all this long-haired, new-born gram-

mar,

So I had rather aviate than chauff).

—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

I spent five cents for the Sunday

"Dart," and hauled it home in a two-wheeled cart; I piled the section upon the floor, till they reached as high as the kitchen door; I hung the chromos upon the wall, though there wasn't room to hang them all, and the yard was littered some ten feet deep with "comic sections" that made me weep; and there were sections of pink and green, a woman's section and magazine, and sheets of music the which if played would quickly make an audience fade; and there were patterns for women's gowns and also for gentlemen's hand-me-downs; and a false moustache and a rubber doll, and a deck of cards and a parasol. Now men are busy with dray and cart, a-hauling away the Sunday "Dart."—Emporia Gazette.

The population of Toronto is 338,814, including suburbs and prisons.

—London Free Press.

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Mrs. Gnagg Has a Headache

Mr. Gnagg Helps Her Out with a Few Kind Words, including some Reflections on the Weakness of Women and the Superiority of Other Men's Wives

MRS. GNAGG having been compelled to go to bed soon after dinner on account of a severe headache, Mr. Gnagg, clomping up and down the bedroom, helped to ease her migraine somewhat as follows:

Got another one of those headaches of yours, hey? Too bad. Sorry; but it's mighty funny, hun, how you get all these headaches. You'll notice that I don't get headaches. Gee, if both of us had that headache habit we'd have a pretty dismal old drum around here, wouldn't we?

It's gloomy enough as it is, with one of us always toppling over with a headache, and that's no josh. Of course if I ate two or three pounds of chocolates every day and enough dill pickles to supply a girls' boarding school and a lot of junk like that, all mixed up, why I'd expect to have headaches myself. But maybe you've observed that I don't abuse myself in that manner. My view of the matter is that as long as we're only going to live once here on this earth it's worth while for us to use a little sense in taking care of ourselves instead of defying every natural law of hygiene like some people I might mention, but won't.

I suppose you'll be telling me that your headache results from the fact that the wind is from the north-east, or because the clouds of to-day are of the circus variety, or something like that. It's just like a woman to wriggle and squirm around and dodge acknowledging the corn.

But you can't tell me such stuff, my dear, for I know better. You'd never have a headache if you knew the rudiments of sane living and applied 'em to your own system. Trouble with you is that you overeat. I never in my life saw a woman stuff herself the way you do, and it's a wonder to me that you manage to keep out of an invalid's chair. But women never learn by experience. Next thing I s'pose you'll be munching on those digestion paralyzing candies before breakfast, and then—

Huh? You haven't eaten any candy in three or four days? Oh, well, that doesn't make any difference. Nature takes her time about these things, and nature is now warning you in a leisurely manner that you'd better go slow. If it isn't candy it is something else. You're always nibbling and nibbling on truck that doesn't agree with you, and it wouldn't surprise me in the least to see you, sick as you are, go right out into the kitchen now and prepare yourself a big mess of liver and onions.

Some special providence watches over the health of women, for they've got no more idea of the most fundamental facts in connection with the science of caring for the health than—

How's that? Oh, that little attack of nervous dyspepsia that I suffered a couple of weeks ago? Oh, I might have expected you'd pull that on me. Had to do that, didn't you? I suppose you're going to recline there and tell me that you don't know perfectly well that that little attack of mine was caused wholly by overwork?

But that's all the sympathy I get when I have a little fit of sickness. When you're sick, why I stick around and soothe and caress you and tell you how sorry I am and all that, but after I've had a little spell of sickness you try to toss it at me that the reason I was sick was that I ate four ears of hot corn at dinner and all that sort of tommyrot. I could eat a dozen ears of hot corn at dinner without batting an eye, and that trifling little attack of mine was due wholly to the fact that I'd been tied up in my office for a week or so without any chance to get air or exercise. And I didn't have any headache that time, either. Be good enough to remember that, please. Don't try to switch the subject.

What? Do I think you like to have headaches? Oh, now look here, that tone of sarcasm is wholly unnecessary. Absolutely without excuse or reason.

I never in my life knew a human being that hated so much as you do to listen to the most trifling word of advice. You do the craziest things in defiance to the most elemental laws of health, and then when you're bowled over why you set up the big whimpering and expect folks to sympathize with and pet you, and then when they try to tell you what ails you and to hand you a little word of advice about how to flag such sicknesses, why you flare up and get mad and make things just as danged un-

pleasant as you can without stopping to think of how infernally gloomy it is around the place already.

Next thing I s'pose you'll be trying to argue me out of it that headaches nearly all come from a disarranged stomach. It's a wonder you don't tell me that headaches are caused by a wet moon or a neap tide or volcanic disturbances at the Straits of Sunda or something like that. I s'pose you had the doctor here to-day when you got your headache. Oh, sure you did. I knew it. Woman never gets the toeache that she doesn't ring up for one of those hand me three bucks fellows, and a lot they know about what ails people, the four flushes! I suppose the doctor cantered around and felt your pulse and scribbled a prescription for a little nux vomica or some other 80 cents' worth of dope, and then looked wise just three dollars' worth. That's the old gag, and it's pretty soft for those ducks, I'm thinking, to—

What's that? Oh, of course. There you go again. Certainly I had that pinhead of a doctor around here three or four times when I had that attack of nervous dyspepsia, but that was because you didn't give me any peace until I did call him in, and there's no analogy in the cases, anyhow, because I was sure enough sick. I only took the medicines the fellow prescribed because you were hollering at me all the time. If I had my own way about things I wouldn't have one of these doctoring counterfeits come within forty miles of me. Lots of good the doctor's visit to-day has done you, to judge from the way you look and act.

Whatcha groaning about? Is it so bad as all that? Gee whiz, that doctor's a hit, isn't he? You'd think he'd prescribed a little vitriol or prussic acid or something for you, wouldn't you?

Cracky, but this is a gloomy old dump, danged if it isn't. Oh, no, of course you can't help it—who's saying that you can? I didn't say that you could help it, did I? I only said that it's as gloomy and dismal and dreary as the devil around here, and a fellow doesn't know what in the dickens to do with himself.

Heigho! Jorkins wanted me to drop around to his place to-night for a little game of draw, and I told him I'd be there, but now of course—

How's that? Go and leave you here sick. Well, I guess not? I'm not that kind of an onion. What d'ye take me for, anyhow? I suppose you mean to imply by that that I'm in the habit of cantering off and leaving you alone when you're sick, hey? Well, it sounded like it, at that. I'd like to have you mention one time when I ever vamped off and left you alone when you had one of these mysterious headaches of yours, and heaven knows you've had enough of 'em. I never knew the like of you, anyhow. You're always throwing out cracks that look as if they're meant to convey the idea that I treat you like a door mat, and I'd like to have you tell me the name of one married man of our acquaintance who sticks around with his wife more when she's sick than I do. Oh, I knew you couldn't name one. You can say all sorts of infernal nasty things, my dear, but when you're cornered, why, you crawl into your cave like all women. I wish I could teach you to get into the habit of coming right out and saying things instead of beating around the bush the way you do, getting those knocks out of your system in that slinky way that gives you a chance to hedge when your words are put right back to you.

How's that? Your smelling bottle? Where is it? In what drawer of the chiffonier? That's a great place to keep a smelling bottle, isn't it? Right hand corner of the top drawer did you say? Danged if I can find it. There's a whole lot of hairpins and powder puffs and hair nets and phony hair puffs and junk like that scattered around here, but if there's a smelling salts bottle in here, why, I'll eat it. Never mind, now! Stay where you are! I'll find the blamed thing if it takes a week. How's that? Oh, I'm not to pull this litter of fool things out of the drawer, eh. Well, how the deuce d'ye expect me to find the confounded thing, then? D'ye expect me to go hire a searchlight to explore the mess of stuff in here and grope around in it like a deep sea diver?

Well, it isn't in this drawer, that's all there is to it! Don't lie there and tell me that it is, for it— Oh, what's this? Is this it? Well, it was underneath about nineteen tons of handkerchiefs and rouge rabbits' feet and rats that you stuff your hair with and that kind of measly stuff.

Huh? I s'pose, now, you think that'll cure your headache. That's like a woman, too. She takes every situation in life hind end foremost. The cause of a headache, as I think I've mentioned once or twice before, lies in a disarranged stomach and

nowhere else, and here you think that you can help the darned thing by breathing something through your nose out of a bottle. If that isn't like a woman! Women have never got very far away from their cave dwelling ancestors, anyhow! I wouldn't be in the least surprised to see you rubbing a tiger's tooth or some other kind of an amulet or charm to get rid of a headache. You ought to have a Siwash totem pole set up in your room here, so that every time you had a headache you could genuflect before it and mumble some kind of an incantation about thundering winds and cascading water and all that, and then you'd be cured just as quick as scat—ye-ch.

Ho-hum! Guess Jorkins'll have a bully gang around at his place for that poker game to-night. That Jorkins fellow's wife sure does know how to fix up a little feed for the boys when they play cards at his apartment. Darned smart woman, Mrs. Jorkins, and Jorkins was the lucky scoundrel to grab her off. Some yaps do have a lot of luck, anyhow. Jorkins is a nice chap and all that, but he doesn't know much more than the law allows, and yet he nails one of the finest little women on earth for a wife, and, gee, but she's a healthy proposition, too! Jorkins was telling me only the other day that his wife has never had a sick day since they were married, and they've been married seven years, too. Guess she knows how to take care of herself. Must be that.

Anyhow, as I was saying, she sure does know how to frame up a little intermission feed when they have the poker game over there. She's got a knack for such things—that's the only way I can explain it. And knack's inborn. She has some bar-le-duc and cream cheese as part of the little eats blowout the last time they had the game there that I can taste yet. It certainly was immense. Say, why don't we ever have any bar-le-duc in this house? Did you ever hear of it? Gooseberry jelly, you know. How's that? We have had it often. Well, danged if I can remember ever seeing it around here, and it's funny that I'd forget it, too.

Then, too, that Mrs. Jorkins knows how to ornament a table so nicely, too. Everything's as dainty as a new parasol. Her table always looks as if she spent a little time at the job of fixing things up instead of turning a sort of a handspring and chucking the stuff on the table every which way. No wonder the gang like to play poker so much over at the Jorkins apartment!

Hi-hum! Feeling any better? Oh, well, maybe you'll get to sleep after all. I was thinking that after you got to sleep, if you think you'll get to sleep, why, I might—

Huh? Oh, I kind o' hate to go when you're feeling so punk, hun. You know I do. Of course I told Jorkins that he could count me in for a sure thing, for he made me promise faithfully to be on hand to make up the seven in the game, but I'd feel mean and ornery if I went when you're feeling so bad; honest I would. Huh? You'd rather I'd go? Well, that's darned nice and unselfish of you, I must say; but you know how I feel about it. I like to stick around and sort o' soothe you when you're down with one of these headaches, my dear, and I'd feel like a loafer if I slunk out and left you alone here, especially to go to a poker party. Couldn't I call Mrs. Gabbsy down from upstairs to sit with you for a while? Huh? You'd rather be alone?

Well, I'll tell you, hun, if you positively insist upon my going over to the Jorkinses, why, of course, I'll go, because I don't want to stick around here if it's going to keep you awake, and I imagine that you'll be asleep after a while, anyhow. Well, then, my dear, as long as you really want me to go, why I'll trot along, but I won't stay over there so late as usual. Now take it easy and I'll be back in a few hours after I win all of the money in the world. Bye bye, kid. Behave while I'm gone!—New York Sun.

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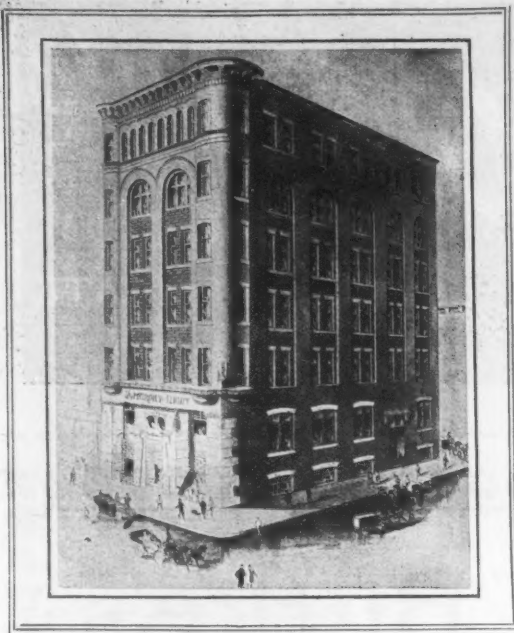


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JOSEPH T. CLARK, Editor.

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! ? POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE ! ?

Osgoode Hall Anecdotes.

OSGOODE Hall, the Ontario home of the High Court of Justice, has a grey exterior and a solemn interior. Therefore, the casual observer would not be inclined to jot it down as the abode of humor. At the same time, its judges and lawyers have indulged in a little levity from time to time.

The late Christopher Robinson did not pose as an idle wit, but an occasional story indicates that he could play the wags when the spirit moved him. When in active practice, profound law was the nut he usually cracked, but he could unbend when necessary. He was a slender man with a slender voice. Jollity is supposed to favor the fat man, but Mr. Robinson piped out more than one merry jest.

Mr. Robinson was a busy man at the time of one anecdote—so busy that he kept the Court of Appeal awaiting. To delay the five judges is to verge on impertinence. The highest judicial tribunal in Ontario isn't accustomed to slights. Consequently, when Mr. Robinson did appear, having hurried from a lower court, the Chief Justice rebuked him, though mildly.

"Mr. Robinson," he said, "we have been waiting for some minutes."

"I am sorry, my Lord," said Mr. Robinson, and there was a suspicion of a smile on his lips, "but you must remember that this is the court of last resort."

One by one, five judicial faces lost dignity of expression, and five eminent jurists almost laughed.

Mr. Robinson was dilatory on another occasion, and for the same reason—a large practice as a counsel. This time, however, it was before Mr. Justice MacMahon, who has long been known as a gentleman of the old school, whatever that may mean. As to His Lordship personally and professionally, he is the personification of courtesy.

"Mr. Robinson," he said, "when I was practicing at the bar, I never thought of keeping the court waiting."

"But," returned Mr. Robinson, "your Lordship will remember that yours was a country practice."

The late Mr. Justice Ferguson was a very large man, weighing three hundred pounds or so, but his mind was nimble. Accompanied by Mr. Justice Street, he went East once. Mr. Justice Street was the smallest judge in the Ontario High Court, just as Mr. Justice Ferguson was the largest. It happened that there was but one official chair where these two judges were sitting, and Mr. Justice Ferguson insisted that his colleague should occupy it. Mr. Justice Ferguson used an ordinary chair, though one of tried endurance. Mr. Justice Street looked lonely in his big chair. The big judge glanced at his little companion, inspected his own chair, and remarked: "Brother Street, who would imagine that we were judges of Assize?"

The late Mr. Dalton McCarthy was once arguing against Hon. S. H. Blake. Finally, Mr. McCarthy observed that Mr. Blake's argument was the most remarkable doctrine of law he had ever heard. "At least," added Mr. McCarthy, "since the late Vice-Chancellor came down from the bench." Mr. Blake, by the way, was the late Vice-Chancellor.

When lawyers gossip in the corridors, if they ever do such a thing, they recall the tribute paid by Mr. Blake to a somewhat effeminate barrister. "Quite the lady," was Mr. Blake's expression.

Hon. A. S. Hardy, later of Osgoode Hall, took his hat off, metaphorically speaking, to the late Dr. Egerton Ryerson, in a similar way. "The honorable gentleman from East Toronto," said Mr. Hardy, "is a perfect gentleman; in fact, I consider him a perfect lady."

Mr. White, K.C., of Pembroke, is a noted wit. Chief Justice Meredith was trying a railway case. Mr. White was defending the soulless monopoly. A man who claimed to have lost his ticket had been put off a train, and was suing for damages.

"Now," said the Chief Justice to Mr. White, "I was

in Maine recently. Suppose that I had lost my ticket and my purse, and had been ejected from the train in, say, a region of rocks, it would have been a serious matter."

"For whom, my Lord?" asked Mr. White. Chief Justice Mulock is of the opinion that English-speaking people should speak English. Not long ago a lawyer had occasion to speak of the month of February. The lawyer pronounced it "Feb-u-ary."

"I beg your pardon," came from the bench. "What month did you say it was?"

"It was the month of Feb-u-ary, my Lord."

"I know of no such month," said the Chief Justice. "The second month of the year, my Lord," explained the counsel.

"You mean the month of Feb-u-ary; yes, I see. You may go on with your argument, Mr. —."

Chief Justice Falconbridge is unlike the other judges in one respect. He opens his Weekly Court and Chambers at 10 a.m. instead of the customary hours of 11. His Lordship, therefore, was somewhat interested one morning to see that the Divisional Court was to begin work, so to speak, at 1 a.m. His registrar for the day happened to be the official reporter for the paper from which the surprising tidings were gleaned.

"I see by The —," said the Chief Justice to the reporter-registrar, "that the Divisional Court is down here as meeting at 1 a.m., and that I am to sit at 11. I was here at 10 this morning as usual, I think."

Of course, and, of course, the printer was blamed. The Chief Justice received the explanation. His record still stood.

Teaching Canadian Geography in the U. S.

THE members of a Toronto family are deriving much amusement these days from the anecdotes of a twelve-year-old niece who has returned to Canada after spending a year with relatives in the Southern States.

While there she attended school, but instead of being inoculated with spread-eagleism, she is to-day a most ardent Imperialist, largely because of the constant friction in which she was involved with her teachers and fellow-pupils owing to their misconceptions of Canada and Canadians.

"Why," she says, "the chapter about Canada in their geography starts off by saying: 'Canada is something like the United States, but much smaller.' I knew that wasn't right, but I couldn't make them believe it."

Another bone of contention was the battle of Lundy's Lane. The Southern teacher not only informed the class that the American soldiers won the battle, but in pronouncing "Lundy" she gave the "u" the same sound as in "lunar."

"I told her that I had seen the battlefield, and that they called it 'Lundy,'" asserts the little miss, "but she only said to me, 'Lillian, you must be dreaming.'"

"And the children always asked me foolish questions," she reports. "Just a couple of days after I was introduced to one girl, she said to me: 'Lillian, do you have to sit down and stand up in your house whenever your King tells you to?' I just asked her if she had to do the same when the President told her to."

"Another girl said to me: 'Lillian—they called me Lillian—did you ever ride on an iceberg in Canada?'"

A Really Humorous Situation.

A STORY is told of Mr. John Lewis, chief editorial writer of The Toronto Star, which goes back to the time when he was a reporter on the staff of The Globe. The Salvation Army had just made its appearance in Toronto, and the newspapers were devoting columns of space to their doings. Mr. Lewis was sent to report a big mass meeting at which the Army enthusiasts were to bring into play all the methods peculiar to themselves. He was seated in a back seat, with half shut eyes, striving after an "impression," while the audience bowed in prayer. A lassie spied him, and, coming down on tip-toe, placed her arm around his shoulders, and said:

"Young man, are you saved?"

Mr. Lewis was startled.

"I—I—" he stammered, "Why, I'm a reporter on The Globe!"

"Oh!" was the lassie's confused reply, "I beg your pardon!"

Whereupon, Mr. Lewis looked more startled than ever.

Scotchmen and Humor.

SINCE things Scottish are in the air this week, owing to the visit of the most famous of contemporary entertainers, Harry Lauder, it is worth while pointing out that many a Scotsman is funniest when he does not know that he is funny at all. Moreover, Mr. Lauder is exceptional in that he places some importance on the mere gift of mirth, for to many a Scot the very idea of laughter, as an end in itself, savors of the evil one.

If you gather two or three Toronto newspapermen of fifteen or twenty years' experience together, the conversation is very apt to drift to Finlay Mackenzie, one of the ablest but one of the most serious-minded reporters that ever wrote shorthand. A good companion, he had nevertheless a superstitious fear of anything that might provoke laughter. He has since worked on prominent journals on the shores of both oceans, being at heart a wanderer as many Scotsmen are; but his memory is still green in the minds of the newspaper men who wrought with him. For a time he was one of the city editors who held down the desk in the old Empire office during the last few years of that newspaper's existence as an actuality. The blithe Canadian youths whose copy came under his survey were a source of puzzlement to him. There was a note of levity in their work, a tendency toward irony, that seemed to him beneath the dignity of journalism, though, perhaps pardonable in ordinary conversation.

On one occasion he summoned before him a youth of whom he was very fond, whose only defect in his eyes was an irrepressible spirit of fun. Addressing the reporter with great severity, he said:

"Man, what do you mean by that?" (Handing him a piece of copy in which a certain politician had been incidentally satirized.)

"Why, Mr. Mackenzie, that was intended for a joke—

to make people smile, you know!" said the unabashed youth.

"A jock, a jock!" almost shrieked the city editor, in an agony of scorn. "Man, let me tell ye that when I first took up journalism as a career I worked for three years on the Glasgow Herald. Ye'll ken noo, the Glasgow Herald is the finest paper published in the world. Did ye ever read it, man?"

The reporter modestly confessed that he had previously been unaware of its existence.

"Well, ye should read it and learn something, for ye may read the Glasgow Herald from year's end to year's end, from the first sentence to the last, and ye'll find nae a jock in its columns. That man, is the way I intend to run The Empire."

The same reporter on another occasion, in reviewing a theatrical entertainment, described a certain fair damsel as a "seductive dancer."

He was summoned to the presence, and a fierce inquiry was made: "What do ye mean by yon?"

"What it says," quoth the youthful critic.

"Seductive! Seductive!" he groaned. "Man, are ye trying to turn The Empire into The Pink 'Un?"

But, perhaps, Mr. Mackenzie's most famous remark was made out of office. On one occasion, when returning from a St. Andrew's night banquet, he was impelled to sing the songs of his native land as he walked home through the deserted streets. A grumbling policeman who had had nothing to report stopped him and threatened him with arrest unless the dulcet strains of "Ye Banks and Braes" ceased immediately. Mackenzie was a man of fiery temper and he paid a visit to Agnes street police station, where matters were soon straightened out as soon as the sergeant on duty learned the prisoner's identity and the trivial nature of his offence. But the incident disgusted Mackenzie with Canada.

"This is a h—l of a country where they jail a man for a bit lilt!" he declared. His allusion to the inferno was not profane swearing, but an expression of real conviction.

When Fineness Runs to Folly.

A MAN prominent in musical circles in Toronto, and whose wife has attained considerable note as a singer (he married her at the height of her career), was given a good lesson one day last summer on the folly of affecting the so-called "temperamental sensitiveness," which musical people and artists are supposed to possess in a large degree.

He was on the ferry, Island-bound, accompanied by his wife. People will remember the old man who used to grind out soul-rending tunes on a violin, to which away the tediousness of the fifteen-minute trip. The old fellow started to play as usual, but immediately the musicians' finely strung nerves, and those of his musical wife, became so affected that, after nervously squirming about for some time, and casting scowling glances at the unconscious player, the husband arose, went over, and ordered the player to "stop that horrible noise." The old man refused.

"If you don't stop I'll throw you off," said the now thoroughly irate musician.

"Go ahead and do it, then," said the old man, unperturbed, and continuing his playing.

The musician looked around in despair, and then a bright thought struck him.

"I'll give you fifty cents if you'll stop," he said.

"Show me your money, then," said the old man, skeptically.

The musician produced the 50-cent piece, and the old man stopped.

But by this time the incident had attracted a crowd and the musician had been assailed by some rather uncomplimentary remarks, such as—

"You're a mutt!"

"Oh, Hazel, te-hee, ain't it awful!"

"What a nasty, nasty noise!"

"Aw, 23 for yours, boss!"

The musician returned and sat down by the side of his wife, and they gazed off across the bay, trying not to notice. But they were to have no peace for the rest of the journey. A gang of small boys gathered, and for the remainder of the trip the air was rent with shrill whistling of "The Merry Widow," "Summer-time," and other "popular" melodies. And the passengers looked on and laughed at the well-merited punishment.

A Fair Exchange.

THE recurrence of the period of Christmas gift-giving, which in these degenerate days partakes too much of the

spirit of *quid pro quo*, brings to mind an amusing incident which occurred to a young man residing in the north end of the city. In making his Yuletide purchases, he included three or four copies of Henry Van Dyke's charming little Christmas tale, "The Story of the Other Wise Man," a book which makes an eminently safe and acceptable gift for girl friends of sedate disposition.

Having allotted his presents to their prospective and respective recipients, he found himself with one spare copy of the "Wise Man," which, as he announced to the ladies of his family, would come in useful to fire back at anyone who got below his guard with an unexpected holiday memento.

Christmas morning came and the young man accompanied his mother and his aunt to church. On his return he was met by his sister bearing an oblong parcel, which had come from a fellow-clerk.

"And I knew, Charley," explained his sister, "that you hadn't given Mr. Wilson anything, so I just parcelled up 'The Story of the Other Wise Man,' and sent it back by the messenger."

Charley hastened to open Mr. Wilson's package and disclosed—a bottle of dry gin.

Reprimanded for Keeping Order.

SOME of the Judges that sit for a week at the time in the Non-Jury Assizes seem to be trying to put into effect rules of court that make counsel and witnesses, as well as spectators, somewhat warm under the collar.

Justice Magee is one of the complainant jurists. When he is sitting, witnesses may converse one with another seated on the benches, and counsel are free to talk; all

in subdued tones, of course. Justice Clute is another High Court Judge who is more concerned with forcing the court ushers to open a ventilation transom occasionally, than with sealing the mouths of any who chance to be in court. Chief Justice Mulock is one of the "sticklers," and he is closely followed, if not outdone by Justice Riddell, a comparatively recent appointment to the bench. Most of the judges expect, of course, that everyone in court shall rise when the judge enters the room to take his place on the bench.

Not long since Chief Justice Mulock entered this court. Everyone rose, and when the Judge was seated, most of them remained standing until the court crier said the magic word starting with "Oyez," which is Latin, but which cries pronounce, "O, yess," which means nothing. One lad in court sat down. The Chief Justice pointed at him, and told him to stand up. After court was over, the court stenographer was called into the room of the Judge, and was lectured roundly for not remaining on his feet until the last words of the crier had been said.

A really funny incident happened last week in this court, while Justice Riddell was presiding. The Judge had just administered a verbal "call-down" to a lawyer for conversing in court, possibly with one of his own witnesses, when his eagle eye detected Constable Ramsey making a motion with his mouth to a man beside him near the door. Instantly the Judge pounced on Ramsey and told him he should by this time know that his duty was not to talk in court.

Ramsey seemed too flabbergasted to state what he was doing, but the fact is that he was warning a spectator in court, who was conversing in a low tone with someone else, that he must not talk in the court-room.

About the only one that doesn't see the joke is the court constable.

Too Ill to Help Nordica.

WHEN Mme. Nordica was just coming into prominence as a dramatic soprano, she toured the Eastern States with one of the strongest concert companies ever assembled. There was the veteran Campanini, once the favorite tenor with American audiences; Zolter Dome, from the Covent Garden Opera, who afterwards became one of the husbands of the prima donna; Miss Maud Powell, violiniste, and the exquisite pianiste, Mlle. Adele Aus der Ohe.

They approached the New Brunswick border as near as Bangor. Not far from there, in Belfast, Maine, is Lillian Norton's home, and an effort was made in St. John, on rather short notice, to have the tour extended that far.

There was at that time living in St. John a rather opulent saloonkeeper, who affected a taste for music. He, perhaps, fancied himself a patron of all the arts. He had studied singing with an Italian signor, and made one or two trembling appearances on the concert platform. "I can dance, sing, spar, play the piano and the banjo; in fact, I'm an all-round athlete," was his own summary of his accomplishments.

Now one of the canvassers for the subscription to the proposed Nordica concert picked out this saloonkeeper as an easy mark, and away he hastened to get his name first on his list.

It was well on in the evening and the canvasser was met by the head barkeep, who politely explained that Mr. Hanigan wasn't enjoying his usual health, and was then in bed and couldn't be seen. The object of the call was divulged, and the bartender was requested to take the list to his employer, who would, no doubt, be delighted with the opportunity thus afforded.

"I'm afraid it's no use, sir," was the reply, "for even if Mr. Hanigan should be about by Thursday, it's quite certain he will not be in sufficiently good voice to assist."

A Real Old Grit.

THE partizan of the old stripe who takes his politics to heart is not nearly so numerous, in the cities at least, as he used to be. Perhaps the most intense man of them all in Toronto was Mr. Robert McLean, a prominent Liberal, who passed away some years ago. He, indeed, objected to the term "Liberal," for he regarded it as a sickly, enemic sort of term, and continued to call himself a "Reformer" after the younger generation of his party had abandoned the term. He was a supporter and friend of Hon. George Brown, and hailed originally from North Oxford, where the pure quill Grits came from. For years he played a prominent part in the local organization of his party. He had another strong conviction also for he was an ardent prohibitionist. One night at a temperance gathering he astonished even his friends in the prohibition cause by declaring:

"I have all my life been a staunch Reformer and am so still, but I say to you all here assembled that were I called upon to vote in an election between a Reformer who was not a prohibitionist and a Conservative who was a prohibitionist, I would vote for the Conservative."

This declaration of principles caused a small sensation and was reported in the morning newspapers.

Next day another prominent Liberal, none other than Mr. Peter Ryan, met Mr. McLean on the street, and addressed him with mock seriousness.

"Mr. McLean, I was pained, not to say shocked, to read in The Globe this morning that you, the Nestor of the Reform party, its guide, philosopher, and friend had declared that you would vote for a Conservative prohibitionist against a Reformer who was not one. I can't believe that it is true. Perhaps you did not say so?"

"I did say so!"

"But, Mr. McLean, it's not possible that you were serious."

"Well, Mr. Ryan," replied the doughty old Grit, "if a Tory said he was a prohibitionist, I wouldna believe him."

Early in the German Emperor's reign the following *bon mot* was heard in Germany: "What do you call the late Emperor William I.?" "Oh, he was the *greise* (grey) Kaiser." "And what do you call the late Emperor Frederick?" "Oh, he was the *weise* (wise) Kaiser." "And the present mighty Emperor, what do you call him?" "Oh, he is just the *reise* Kaiser" (that is, "the travelling Emperor," or "the Emperor who is always on tour"). Judging from his recent performances, time has not withered the appropriateness of this jest.

The new Archbishop of York may claim to be unique among Primates on more grounds than one, for not only is he almost the youngest cleric who has ever been selected for such high office, but he has not yet been twenty years in orders, and he is the author of a novel—a distinction rare indeed among church princes. He is Scotch by birth.



The Real "Weir of Hermiston."

SOME FURTHER AND AUTHENTIC
ANECDOTES OF LORD BRAXFIELD.

IT is always a pity to spoil a good story, but in the interests of historical accuracy, if not, indeed, in justice to a reputation that tradition has unduly vilified, it becomes necessary to inform those who enjoyed the anecdote in last week's SATURDAY NIGHT concerning Sir Walter Scott, Lord Braxfield and the Prince Regent, that it belongs to the category of things which ought to have been said or done, but never were. The story is an embellished version of one which was related in the first edition of Lockhart's Life of Scott. Braxfield, so it was stated, had been in the habit when on circuit of visiting an old friend, Matthew Hay, with whom he played chess. The time came when Hay was arraigned on a charge of murder, and Braxfield was the judge. The panel was found guilty, Braxfield solemnly pronounced sentence, and just as the prisoner was being removed, he growled, "That is checkmate, noo, Matthew." Unfortunately for Scott, who told the story, and for Lockhart, who accepted it, Braxfield, though a great lover of cards, could not play chess at all, and as the story was widely circulated as an instance of the callousness of the judge who came to be known as the Scottish Jeffreys, Lockhart had to apologize to the Braxfield family. The fact is that Braxfield was credited with many sayings which properly belonged to other judges who were characters no less peculiar in their way, but such was his reputation for coarse wit that he was made to father almost every smutty story or obscene jest of his time. The majority of his stories, indeed, have not survived because nobody would print them. And yet, this Boccaccio of the Bench was one of the ablest, as he was one of the most popular judges of a generation which developed a race of judicial giants. He was a member of the famous Scottish "Fifteen"—a bench of judges, whose law is to-day, a century later, quoted with respect, and who, it has been said, combined more high thinking and free living than any set of judges who ever wore ermine. In what Lord Cockburn has described as the "dim litigious light" of a narrow, ill-ventilated, box-like room they administered justice in a dialect which the average Scotsman of to-day could scarcely comprehend, solved knotty points of law with the air of periodical libations of toddy which sometimes stood on the bench, cracked jokes all day long, and then, when their work was finished, adjourned to the taverns where they drank until they fell beneath the table.

Robert Louis Stevenson, in his brilliant fragment, "Weir of Hermiston," has drawn a picture of Braxfield, which is probably nearer to the life than the traditional estimate. Stevenson was early fascinated by the striking and strenuous personality of the famous or infamous judge. "It is probably more instructive," he says, "to entertain a sneaking kindness for any unpopular person, and among the rest, for Lord Braxfield, than to give way to perfect raptures of moral indignation against his abstract vices." He accordingly portrays him as a judge of rigid but straightforward sense and devotion; whose duty it was fearlessly to go forward through the work of the day, regardless of consequences to friend or foe, to gentle or simple—inhumanity it might be, coarse and tyrannical, but transparently honest and absolutely intrepid. Braxfield, it must be remembered, was head of the Scottish criminal bench when the doctrines of the French Revolution were being exploited by a well-meaning but fanatical sect who style themselves Reformers, but who to a rabid feudalist and Tory like the Lord Justice Clerk were revolutionaries, and if he acted harshly, even cruelly, as he undoubtedly did, it was because he felt that the situation called for a bold and firm front. He held firmly to the common legal doctrine of the eighteenth century as to the perfectness of the British constitution, and in one of his famous judgments laid it down in a way that in these more enlightened days cannot fail to provoke a smile. This is how he was reported at the time: "The Reformers talk of liberty and equality. This they have in everything consistent with their happiness. However low-born a man may be, yet his abilities may raise him to the higher honors of the State. He may rise to be Lord Chancellor. He may rise to be Archbishop of Canterbury, the head of the Kirk, and take precedence of all ranks but the blood royal. What mair (more) equality wad they hae? If they hae ability, low birth is not against them."

It should not be forgotten that Braxfield himself had risen to the second highest judicial position in his own country by his own merits, and this may help to explain the intolerance he had for those whom he dubbed the "Grumbletonians." France, from which the Reformers of his day, drew their inspiration, he described as "a country consisting of millions of the most profligate monsters that ever disgraced humanity."

IT was Lord Cockburn who first applied the approbrious title of the Scottish Jeffreys to Braxfield, whose appearance he likened to that of a formidable blacksmith. His accent and his dialect were exaggerated Scotch; his language, like his thoughts, short, strong, and conclusive. Devoid of even a pretence of judicial decorum, he delighted while on the bench in the broadest jests and the most insulting taunts over which he would chuckle the more from observing that correct people were shocked. It has been said that after his law books he read nothing but filth. He was the boon companion of the choicest and most magnificent toppers, and a contemporary described his table talk as "a compound of coarse sculduggery and personalities." On the bench he could "rap out an oath" with the best or worst of them; and, according to another writer, swore "without provocation like an ensign of the last age in his teens." There is every reason to believe, however, that this coarse phase of his character has been much exaggerated. It certainly is not the case that he was the illiterate brute that tradition has made him out to be. At college he had a career little short of brilliant. At the bar he was not only one of the leading lawyers, but probably the most popular and as a judge, notwithstanding his harshness on the criminal bench, he was spoken of by the great Lord Mansfield as "a man of power, of spotless integrity and great talents, and of a transcendent knowledge of the laws of his country."

Braxfield's reputation as a terror probably rested on his belief in capital punishment, and his treatment of political prisoners. For certain offences against the law he regarded the rope's end as the surest remedy. "Let them bring me prisoners," he once remarked, "and I will find them law." On another occasion, when a Reformer was eloquently pleading his own case, Braxfield interrupted: "Ye're a vera clever chiel, but ye wad be nane the waur o' a hangin'." Perhaps the story that is most often told of him is that of his rebuff to young Gerald who was being tried for sedition and who urged that the founder of Christianity Himself was a Reformer. "Aye!"



AT THE DINNER OF THE ONTARIO BAR ASSOCIATION. One of the more important dinners of the year. The success of this picture was somewhat marred by the fact that several of those in the foreground closed their eyes as the flashlight was taken.

growled Braxfield, "and muckle be made o' that. He was hangit."

When criminal business was on hand Braxfield could not tolerate technical difficulties. On one occasion when a lawyer was quibbling over procedure he abruptly interposed with the remark, "Hoot! just gie me Josie Norie (the clerk of the court and a master of precedents) and a guid jury and I'll do for the fellow."

At that time the judge picked the jury, and Braxfield was particular in his selection. Many of the jurors he knew personally, and it has been said that during the sedition trials he unscrupulously packed the Assizes with friends of the Government. At the trial of one of the leading Reformers, one of his friends named Horner who had been called to serve on the jury, had to pass the judge on his way to the box. "Come awa', Marster Horner," broke out Braxfield, "and help me to hang ane o' them damned scoundrels."

Contemptuous of anything approaching to high-flown sentiment, he had no sympathy with the "culture" which was beginning to be affected by the young lawyers of the time. It was he who observed of Jeffrey on the latter's return from Oxford that he had "tint (lost) his Scotch and fand (found) nae English." Jeffrey appeared before him in a case in which he referred to his client as an itinerant violinist. This was too much for Braxfield who rapped out, "Ye mean a gangrel fiddler, I suppose."

It chanced that on another occasion two well-known lawyers, one of whom afterwards rose to the bench, appeared before him showing unmistakable signs of having been out "late at e'en drinking the wine." Braxfield listened in contemptuous amusement for a time, but at length burst forth, "Ye may just pack up your papers and gang awa' hame. The tane (one) o' ye is riflin' punch, and the ither is belchin' claret, and there'll be nae guid got oot o' ye the day."

In place of the chess story, which has been wrongly attributed to Braxfield, one about cards in which he figured, may serve to complete this sketch of the great judge. It shows that "old Braxie," as Scott delighted to call him, had a sense of humor which did not always run to grossness. Sir James Colquhoun having been asked to take a hand at cards as Braxfield's partner, declined unless My Lord promised not to "misce (abuse) him."

"I'll no misce ye, Jamie," promised His Lordship. As the game proceeded Sir James played rather badly and was vigorously cursed by his partner for a fool and an idiot, whereupon he taxed Braxfield with breaking faith. "Ye dawmed gomeril," replied the judge, "ye were na' misceled; ye were truly described."

Lockhart, in one of his works, laments the passing of an age which produced so many remarkable characters as were to be found on the Scottish bench at the end of the eighteenth century. In their peculiarities no less than in their intellect and power those old Scotch judges were great, and it is perhaps because of the combination of wit, wisdom and worldliness that they appealed to Scott and Lockhart, and in after years fascinated Stevenson. In Braxfield, the author of "Treasure Island" found a character after his own heart, and the pity is that he did not live to include among his familiar studies one of the real "Weir of Hermiston."

C. S. B.

"Es Ist Verboten!"

THE German Government has issued orders forbidding German balloons to descend on French soil, which prompted Harry Graham to write the following lines in The London Observer:

Such risks could be greatly decreased
If the Fatherland's skies were policed,
And had notices pinn'd up informing the wind
That it never must blow from the East.
If the breezes combined in obeying this order,
No German balloon could be borne o'er the border.

The other day a new residence college in connection with London University was opened. Lord Rosebery, as the University Chancellor, delivered an address, in which he said: "A university should be a petty universe, it not being its function merely to pump knowledge in by teaching and extract it again by examination, but to produce living men and living citizens."

A complete map of Greenland, the world's largest island, if we call Australia a continent, is published for the first time in the last number of Petermann's Mitteilungen, the great German geographical magazine, from surveys made during two years past by Dr. Mylius-Erichsen, who lost his life when returning from his completed work.

The New York Stock Exchange was formed in 1792 by twenty-four brokers, but did not have a building until 1863. The London Stock Exchange (Capel Court) building dates from 1801 and that of Paris 1826.

To His Lady.

In the Matter of Christmas Gifts.

NAY, dearest, nay, or—speaking bluntly—no,
I need no pipe; let me confess; the brier
Morocco-cased, you gave me months ago
Still waits its primal baptism of fire.

Cigars? Nor those. Believe me, dear, my stock's
Replete—the birthday batch is on the shelf
Reserved for friends—they've hardly touched the box,
And I've not smoked but one of them myself.

A brodered plush tobacco pouch? Nay, there
Again the thing's been done. I could produce
Out of your bounty an immaculate pair—
Heirs to this shabby one that's still in use.

A paper knife? Something, you say, to cope
With uncut books? Why, dearest, truth to tell,
A railway ticket or an envelope
Answers the purpose quite supremely well.

Knit me a tie? Dear heart, a year ago
You did me one in crimson, green, and blue.
It's still unworn—I cannot put it on
Until I feel I'm worthy so to do.

A walking-stick? Nay, nay—that word again,
I have no use for sticks. I always swear
Having no waterproof to baulk the rain,
A stout umbrella is the only wear.

A waterproof, then? Why, now, that I call
A good suggestion, but—there's still a but—
You'll think me faddy—in an overall
So much depends upon the fit and cut.

What do I want? you ask me. I reply,
That naught exists can swell my happiness.
I am beatitude itself, for I
Lack nothing that a man would fain possess.

You'll summon in to help you other brains?
Get the store's catalogue and run it through
From A to Z? My dearest, spare your pains,
All that I need begins and ends with U.
—C. E. HUGHES, in The Bibliophile.

Canada and Imperial Defence.

IT is clear from your comments in the last number of SATURDAY NIGHT (writes a correspondent) and from what has appeared in other journals from time to time that the question of the form and amount of Canada's contribution to the defence of the Empire will soon become a live question, calling for careful consideration and early definite action. It seems hardly necessary to point out that the crux of the whole question is the maintenance of the naval supremacy of Britain. If Britain's dominating sea-power should become impaired or undermined, the "jig" would be up, and the people of Canada would have to sing some other national anthem.

Canada will no doubt soon have to provide naval police or naval patrol by placing a number of small and fast cruisers on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. That will come as a matter of course. It is quite certain that Newfoundland will ere long become a part of the Dominion and our relations with the West Indies will become closer and more important. Our interests on the Pacific are sure to become vastly more important as the years roll on.

It is quite true that Canada has made or is completing what may in one sense be deemed three most valuable contributions to Imperial defence in the construction of the Canadian Pacific, the Canadian Northern and the G. T. P., or National Transcontinental Railways. The value of these great works cannot be too highly estimated.

Canada is growing rapidly in all that makes a nation great, rich and powerful, and her bounden duty now is to provide the most effective contribution within her means to the defence of the Empire. The most effective contribution that could be made under present circumstances and to support a defensive policy that is likely to be maintained for a quarter of a century, is to have built in the British Government shipyards a battleship of the Invincible class, the fastest, the most powerful and the most complete of its kind. This vessel should be manned as far as possible by Canadian seamen and officered as far as may be by Canadians. It should be placed at the disposal of the Admiralty for service with the North Atlantic, the Channel or the North Sea fleets. It could there render the most effective and valuable service in the defence of the Empire, and it would always be ready at a moment's notice to go with others to the defence of Canada's shores, should any such emergency arise. The fighting value of such a ship would be equal to an army of 25,000 men. A high naval strategist will tell you that the best defence of Canada can be made by strengthening Britain's North Atlantic squadron—and by that I mean the sea force on the other side of the Atlantic. A magnificent contribution of this kind to the defence of the Empire would be an object lesson to those continental powers and diplomats who are credited with designs against the naval supremacy of Britain. It would mark the entrance into the arena of a new world-power ready to stand side by side with the Mother Land. It would promote peace and not war, and would tend to discourage and not intensify the mad competition now going on in the construction of warships.

While a Canadian Invincible or Indomitable would become a unit in the squadron to which it might be assigned for duty, its identity would not be lost. It would be a splendid assurance of the depth of Canadian patriotism and of the strength of Canadian resources. And we may be sure it would be an object of the greatest interest and pride in all British naval gatherings.

It would cost money—a great deal of money. Britain has enormous burdens. To maintain her naval supremacy requires an enormous expenditure. Under all the circumstances our plain and simple duty is to consider what would be our most effective contribution to Imperial defence; and one who has carefully studied high naval strategy as developed in late years will tell you that Canada in the way herein indicated can make the most effective, the simplest, the least complicated, and the most splendid contribution to Imperial defence, and a contribution that will be more deeply appreciated than any other that could be offered.

C. D. B.

Progress at the University.

PRESIDENT FALCONER has an interesting article on "The Needs of the University of Toronto" in The University Monthly for December. The following portions of it are reproduced as being of general interest:

Of the 3,545 students enrolled in the University of Toronto during the academic year 1907-08, there were 1,774 in the Faculty of Arts, which is still more than twice as large as either the Faculty of Medicine or Applied Science. Of these 1,774 students 244 were registered in the University of Toronto as follows. Candidates for Ph.D., 13; M.A., 79; graduate students, 2; dentals taking Arts subjects only, 52; in teachers' courses, 33; in summer sessions, 65. The remaining 1,530 were divided among the colleges: University College, 942; Victoria 446; Trinity, 142. Of these 1,530 students 1,233 were regular students in the undergraduate course. There were 330 women students in University College, 148 in Victoria and 53 in Trinity.

In 1897-98 there were 923 students in the Arts Faculty of the University, slightly more than half as many as during the past session. A comparison with the year 1905-06 shows that in Arts there has been in two years an increase in the University of 28 per cent., in University College of 32 per cent., in Victoria College of 28 per cent., and in Trinity College of 24 per cent.

The extraordinarily rapid growth of the Faculty of Arts, while it is most encouraging as an evidence that the University is not being overbalanced by the professional schools, forces upon the Faculty in a very urgent way some serious problems. In a growing University in such a province as Ontario, obviously there must be from time to time additions to the subjects taught in the Arts courses. New departments must be developed. But the primary necessity is that the value of the Arts degree should be maintained; that the teaching should be at least as effective as it has been, and that an effort should be made to improve the courses already in existence. The difficulty is to maintain this standard with the much larger number of students now in attendance.

In the University Faculty of Arts there were in 1907-08, 16 full professors, 16 associate professors, nine lecturers and 60 holding sessional appointment. In University College there were eight full professors (one of these also in the University of Toronto), six associate professors, five lecturers and five holding sessional appointment (one of these also in the University). Ten years ago the staff was as follows. In the University Faculty of Arts, 11 full professors, two associate professors, six lecturers and 12 demonstrators and fellows; in University College, five full professors (two in the University), two associate professors, seven lecturers, two instructors. In the same year there were 923 students in attendance in the Faculty of Arts. To estimate by the total number of instructors would be misleading, but it will be seen at once that the increase in the number of full professors both in the University and in University College has not kept pace with the growth of the students in attendance, though the showing is better if the associate professors are included, especially in the University. Of these two grades there were in the University in 1897-98, 13; and in 1907-08, 32; the increase being due to the development of the scientific, philosophical, economic and romance departments. In University College, however, where the registration has greatly increased, the total number of instructors has grown from 16 to 24, of full professors from 5 to 8, of associate professors from 2 to 6.

If the efficiency of the University is to be maintained, the effort should be made to increase the number of teachers of the higher grades proportionately with the growth of the students, in order that they may have the advantage of instruction from men of maturity and experience.

On July 1, 1908, there were fifty-five periodicals published in Esperanto. The Postmaster-General of the United Kingdom has admitted Esperanto on the same footing as modern European languages for use in telegraphing. The committee of the Jubilee Exhibition at Prague issues its circulars in Esperanto, as in other languages, and Count Hayashi, the Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs, recently accepted the presidency of the Japanese Esperanto Association and has advised his countrymen in a public letter to master the language.

As if to supply a want before it exists, Paris is already supplied with a roof station for aeroplanes in the very centre of the city. The house is situated at the corner of the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle and belongs to a wealthy architect, M. Morin, who has taken time by the forelock. No flying machine, are, of course, in the habit of landing on the top of this six-storey house as yet, but the tenants are warned beforehand by a clause in their lease that they will not be entitled to any compensation, if, in the near future, the roof is used as a station or garage for "aerial vehicles." Meanwhile the tenants are entitled to the use of the "terrace" as a roof garden.

England's turbine fleet already includes sixty-two warships and forty-four vessels of the merchant marine.

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WOMEN'S ART ASSOCIATION EXHIBIT

By FRAULEIN VAN.

THE Women's Art Association of Canada is to be congratulated upon the success of its exhibit of Dutch and Scotch paintings which continued throughout December and the latter part of November, and which attracted many art-lovers to the Association's new galleries. The weather for the most part was fine, and day and evening many ladies and gentlemen, too, wended their way Jarvis streetward to spend an hour admiring the masterpieces of Holland and Scotland, which were hanging on the walls of the cosy, light, and somewhat pretentious art gallery built especially for the Women's Art Association of Canada.

Through the untiring efforts of this ambitious and energetic association of women they have succeeded in procuring for their exhibit many important and valuable pictures, the most important, perhaps, being the latest and one of the best canvases of Josef Israels, entitled "The House with the Doves," the portrayal being that of an aged peasant woman sitting at her cabin door, with doves, the symbol of peace, flying about her, typifying the near approach of the spiritual life. The artist has succeeded in producing a marvellous sunshine and shadow effect, and one can imagine the death pallor already creeping over the face of the aged woman.

An entirely different subject, and one of the best, is the "Boys Bathing," by Blommers, celebrated for his Dutch interiors, and Dutch seaside and fisher life pictures. A secluded spot has been chosen by the boys represented. Two are in the water, one is in the act of climbing up the steep bank, while two are already there wondering which pair of pants in the pile belongs to them. The water in this picture is very realistic, the figures are lifelike, and the artist has happily caught the true spirit of frolicsome boyhood.

"In the Wood," by Bosselen, is a splendid specimen, the coloring of which suggests spring with all its awakening: cows pasturing in the warm sunlight, a clear shady pool in the foreground, wherein the trees are reflected with great beauty and skill.

The young Dutch artist, Van Driesten, whose pictures are much sought after, is represented in two subjects, "Willows," and "On the River," both fine color schemes. The latter is that of a Dutch cottage near



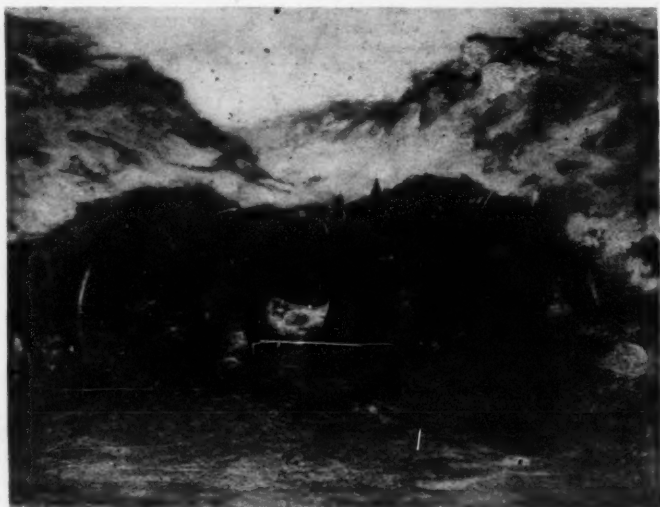
"BOYS BATHING," BY BLOMMERS.

utensils usually found in the home of the Dutch peasant complete a perfect and happy scene of home life in picturesque Holland.

Weiland's "Young Mother," is also a home scene. A lovely and loving mother is nursing her young child, while her hands are busy doing the family mending, the expression of her face being that of peace and contentment.

In the Scotch exhibit of oils, with J. Campbell Noble leading, are many choice canvases. In the "First Snow, October," a freshet seems to have come with the first snow, and cows are quenching their thirst at a fresh pool in their pastureland, the whole canvas taking on an aspect of quiet, poetic grandeur, possessing all the serenity of nature on a clear, sunny October day.

George Smith's "Carting Seaweed" demands special notice. It is richly colored and full of activity, showing country folk gathering seaweed. There is a waggon drawn by two



"CARTING SEAWEEED," BY GEORGE SMITH.

the edge of a stream, the reflections and soft gray coloring being an intensely striking study in sun effects.

The "Man and Goat," by Gruppe, is in a decidedly humorous vein. The figures are well rendered, the association of man and the proverbial refractory goat appearing to be, for the time, mutually agreeable.

"The Kermess," a large, rough canvas, excited much interest, being executed in strong, bold colors in oil. It is by Willy Sluiter, whose pictures are found in many representative collections in Canada as well as Europe. His figures in this piece are in holiday attire, shown dancing and merry-making, hand in hand, on the beach at Volendam.

"Waiting for the Fish," by Sadee, shows a fishing boat coming in. A boy, impatient to get ashore, is wading in, while mother, child and dog await the arrival of the boat. This is altogether a charming picture, portraying as it does family love and family interests.

"Dinnertime," by Valkenburg, the famous painter of Dutch interiors, landscapes and figures, has also sent a family scene. It represents a family of four gathered around the table for dinner, the sun, through a large window, shedding its beams across face and figure, and lighting up the interior of this otherwise dim Dutch cottage. A smouldering fire and the

horses, the figures of which seem to live upon the canvas.

"Birch Woods," by Cadenhead, is a striking study in dark green, the foliage being in marked contrast to the white trunks of the trees. His "Drove Road" is also a fine rendering of late evening in the country.

Two small pieces by Elwin Alexander, "The Barn Owl" and "Dandelions," are unsurpassed for beauty and simplicity of execution.

"Trinity Church and Dean Bridge Crossing the Waters of Leith," by James Paterson, one of the most picturesque scenes in Edinburgh, is an



WALTER CRANE.

excellent production and attracts much attention, the path of the winding Leith being familiar to many visitors to Scotland.

Another picture causing much comment is by Robert Burns, called "Night," his subject being that of a blind girl, whose expression of pensive sadness lingers long with one. It was this picture that made the artist famous a few years ago, when first exhibited at Glasgow.

Walter Crane, too, the eminent English decorative designer and illustrator is represented in a large collection. Indeed, it is upon Walter Crane that all modern decorative art is founded, his influence being spread world-wide, England, America, Canada and the Continent acknowledging him to be the creator of modern pictorial and decorative designing. Born at Liverpool in 1845 he has given the best sixty years of his life to the upbuilding of art, and in 1902 organized the Society of British Arts and Crafts. Wherever Walter Crane lived that place was a rendezvous for the best of the art world. Many years of his life were spent in Italy and the exquisite color tones of that warm, sunny southern land, amethyst, amber, crimson and green, run like silken threads through all his work. In his "Ali Baba, Bluebeard and Sleeping Beauty" designs the color quality is especially artistic and splendidly balanced, the reds, blues, greens and yellows harmonizing as do tints of the rainbow.

His tapestry designs, the Lily Garden, Bon Voyage and Defend the Right, are exquisite, graceful and dignified.

A Gift.

WHAT shall I send you for Christmas, dear? What can a penniless rhymster send But the wish that when skies are filled with gloom For you blithe April buds may bloom And that every throb of the heart of you May whisper of days when the skies were blue.


What shall I send you for Christmas, sweet? What can a friendless minstrel send But the prayer that when days drag drear and long Your heart will sing snatches of sweetest song, And that every flake of the Yuletide's snow May speak of the dreams of the long ago.

What shall I send you for Christmas, my own? What can a lonely bardling send But the wish that when life grows dark and chill The roses of summer may bloom for you still, And in moods when the fond old dreams still cling to you That the birds may return, my sweet, and sing to you.

Irving Dillon, in Life.

First Comedian—What's the difference between a beautiful young girl and a codfish? Second Comedian—Give it up. First Comedian—One has a chance to become a fall bride and the other to become a ball fried.—Brooklyn Eagle.

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(3) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself must notify the Agent for the district of such intention.

W. W. COX, Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.
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Lady Gay's Column

A WOMAN of Fargo, Dakota, on her way to Toronto to visit her relatives, whom she had not seen for a decade or longer, was stopped at Sarnia by the Canadian border men, because she was bringing her pet bow-wow along. No dog may enter this country from another while the cattle embargo is on, and the lady preferred to go back to Fargo without her Christmas visit, rather than be separated from her pet for a few days. On the face of it, the relatives appear to have a first kick coming, but one would need to know the dog, and the relatives, before hastily forming an opinion. Still, it seems unlikely that a lady who would come so far to visit her own species, should at the eleventh hour be prevailed upon, solely by her affection for her canine friend, to relinquish that object and return after so long a journey, whence she came. One can fancy the scene at the border, when one has assisted at similar unpleasantnesses over the seal coat embargo enforced by the United States. The lady would not be persuaded to leave her pet in care of anyone, who for a tenth of the money lost by the traveller over the contretemps, would have kept and consoled doggie like a king. It all looks like will stronger than judgment, one of the unfortunate conditions in which the *enfants gâtes* of the neighboring republic are prone to delight. When the woman says "I will" at the altar, those two words are often pregnant with possibilities for the future, as the unfortunate male partner discovers. Not that a firm will isn't a good thing; it's the great thing, when balanced by a wise, cool, and kind judgment. All of these the Fargo traveller may have possessed; it's not for you or me to deny it; but if so, let's hold out the hand of sympathy to her relatives; they deserve it!

Taking pot-luck may appeal to some folk; I'll confess I have a great dread of such a risk. There are jovial souls who are prone to hail one to their homes, to constrain one to stop there, when one only intends taking a look-in, to dare fate and an irate cook by flopping down upon them with two or three extra guests at a meal, or some late lingering caller to stop the night, or some bird of passage to spend the day. "You must just take pot-luck," says the jovial soul, who reckons little of a boiled dinner or no eggs for breakfast, or a dismantled spare bedroom. Very young persons are the only ones excusable for accepting "pot-luck." We who have butted into sudden scarlet fever or quarantine, or boiled pickled pork and cabbage, or hubby on the rampage, or cook vainly striving to start her evening off on time, or any of the various weird dishes pot-luck brings before us, are too wary to be caught so doing. I happened to be behind the scenes, one day lately, when a pot-luck outfit burst in upon a peaceful home. They had come, her mother and herself, to attend one of the big concerts, and decided to dine with a friend who had often invited them to make her house theirs, while in the city shopping. That friend and I make a practice of going to concerts we really want to thoroughly enjoy after taking the very lightest repast possible at dinner hour, knowing that one listens four times better when not occupied with the process of digestion. The senses are keener, the mind is freer, the imagination is more sensitive. Try it, and you will see. But to return to the pot-luck party! We were just putting off our things after a very jolly outing at a couple of teas, and saying how we should lie down after our little luncheon of hot milk and biscuits, and rest beautifully before getting out of our kimonos into our evening gowns! Such a two hours of blessedness, which vanished at the exasperated tone of the maid who announced the arrival of the pot-luck party. My friend is a woman of quick action and corresponding invention. "Tell them to come up, Mary, and light the gas grate in the spare room, before you go down. Then bring up a pint of hot milk and some biscuits and a pot of tea as soon as you possibly can." I gazed full of faith in her, but wondering greatly, as she flew to her phone and called up her caterer. "I want dinner for four at seven o'clock. May I have the yellow room? Thank you, four ladies, give us a nice little menu, and I leave the selection to you." And as she finished, Mary announced with a slight accent of triumph:

"Mrs. and Miss Pot-luck." She hustled her guests into the spare room, where the gas grate glowed cheerfully, Mary brought their tea and unpacked their grips, and the hostess said: We're all going down town for dinner at seven o'clock, the concert isn't until eight-fifteen. In the meantime, you'll just tuck up and rest for half an hour, while I dress. So lucky you have not that nuisance! Where are your seats? Oh, splendid! You hear so much better up there." And in two minutes she was back with me on the bed, giggling feebly. "What a lot of trouble and expense," I said bromidically. "My dear, we must just eat before instead of after and be as abstemious as we can. I only hope and pray they don't give us lobster Newburg, for that's what we should have had for supper—you and I and two nice men. So you see the expense isn't what I am groaning over, but I can't listen to that symphony while I am busy with lobster Newburg!" We and the pot-luck party dined sumptuously, and I, at least, found the symphony less enchanting than I had anticipated, for they did give us lobster Newburg, and many other things lulling to the senses and generally lowering to the artistic tone!

LADY GAY.

Christmas Dusk.

COME, little boy, to mother's knee.
The Christmas twilight trembles down
With rose-tints for the wondrous tree
And rose-glow for the snow-clad town.
And all is marvellous—but you
Most marvellous of all to me,
For I may hold you as I do,
As Mary held Him on her knee.

And He was sweet, and He was fair,
As are all mothers' little boys;
His lips, His smile, His eyes, His hair,
To Mary were her chiefest joys.
And she would sing to Him, as I
Sing while the sun dies in the west;
I hear your weary, sleepy sigh
As Mary heard His on her breast.

And in the after years, I think
When He was treading sorrow's way
And held the bitter cup to drink,
She brooded on the happy day
When He ran singing through the room
And found a hundred things to do
To drive away all chance of gloom—
And was a little boy, like you.

So drop your toys and let us sing
The songs that heart and home
Have blest,
For love is more than anything
And life is work, and play, and
rest.
And Mary's was the mother-heart,
A heart of love all fair and fine
That into tender throbs could start
For just a little boy, like mine.

Across the years I reach to her
And touch her white and empty
hands,
Down all the ages seems to stir
A message that she understands,
The subtle rapture that I keep
Shrined in the very soul of me
When I may hold you here, asleep,
As Mary held Him on her knee.
—Wilbur D. Nesbit, in Harper's Weekly.

Bridge Players who have made me Suffer.

THE Lady with the deprecatory smile. "I'm afraid," she says, "that I don't play a very good game." When you protest that you have heard of some of her brilliant plays, she smiles harder than ever, and declares that you are only saying that to reassure her. Afterwards, when she establishes the suit that your opponent led, after exhausting your trumps, and your looks betray you, she says, sweetly: "There, I told you what I was, so you really mustn't look that way."

The Lady Who Hesitates. It is her play. She first looks at the dummy's hand. Then she goes over her own, then she selects a card, pulls it out and puts it back again. Then she says softly under her breath, "Oh, dear!" Then she goes into a brown study, while her partner leans back, with his hands in his pockets, and whistles softly to himself. Suddenly she starts up. Now you know she's off. She grabs a card almost fiercely—and as fiercely puts it back. Again she speaks: "I only wish I knew—" There is more silence. Finally with a timid smirk, her hand slips gingerly out and lays on the table the one card that her opponents have been hoping and praying that she would play, and her partner that she wouldn't.

The Fiend. "Strength or weakness?" she begins, and when you tell her she almost invariably says the opposite for herself, with a slight sniff. The instant the play begins

she closes up like a mediæval castle in war times. You can hear the drawbridge going up, and the doors creaking. Her lips are shut tight. Her eyes are glued to the table. If it is her lead, she begins with a defiant throw down. She swoops up the cards when she takes a trick, as if she longed to show the enemy, by so doing, her own mastery. When the others lead and she catches them playing out of the wrong hand, she announces the fact as if the world was coming to an end and she was the only one who could stand it. She insists upon keeping the score. And if by any chance anyone else does it, she is constantly challenging the figures. And finally, when the play is over, and she settles back between hands, she observes, with a metallic voice, "Well, we got all there was out of that hand, I'm sure."

The Post-Mortemist. There is a momentary pause after the last trick has been taken and the scorer is putting down the result. Everyone knows what is coming. Then she begins: "A pity you didn't play that diamond. Yes, the jack. It cost us a trick. And I think it would have been better if you had led out the clubs. You could have finessed your ten spot in the second round. I think it is always well to get out the trumps. By the way, did you know the rule about leading jack from king? Yes, we might have made two—possibly three—tricks more." Then, if it be her deal, she picks up the cards with a resigned smile, and says, as she paws them around: "We must play that hand over again when we have more time—then you shall see."

The Lady who has been asked to fill in at the last moment. She begins by making it spades on an original make. "Spades?" you say, with elevated eyebrows. "Oh, dear," she exclaims, "have I done something dreadful? Let me take it back, please. And do you make it, please?" Your opponents gracefully signify their consent, and you make it clubs—not daring to go higher—whereupon she discloses the fact that she has four aces, to say nothing of five other diamonds. You speak of this afterwards, remarking that four aces alone would have counted one hundred in a no trumper, whereupon she says, in an injured tone: "I don't care, I've played only twice before, anyway, and if I had known—! But I only did it as a favor." Which leads you to remark (cursing inwardly). "Really, you know, it doesn't matter at all!" —Chesteron Todd, in Life.

GLANCING over the files—the files-on-parade as it were—of magazines and newspapers, one notices that the parodies of ten years ago ran strongly to the bicycle. "Maud Muller," "Excelsior," "Hiawatha," "The Psalm of Life," "Break, Break, Break!"—all the old stand-bys were done to death. Five years ago the automobile parodies began. It was "Come Into the Tonneau, Maud" and "Leave Me Here, And When You Want Me, Sound Upon the Auto Horn," and "We Were Crowded in the Tonneau, Not a Soul Would Dare to Leap," and so on ad infinitum.

No great power, no egregious ability to dip into the future is needed to foresee the next few years' parody crop. To the Parodists' Legion a few bare hints are hereby offered: Thou too sail on, Airship of State.—Longfellow.

A knight was pricking on an aeroplane.—Spencer.

I shot an airship into the air; it fell to earth, I knew not where.—Longfellow.

When swift Camilla scours the aeroplane.—Pope.

Don't give up the airship.—Oliver Hazard Perry.

As idle as a painted airship.—Coleridge.

The judge rode quickly o'er the lane in his latest model aeroplane.—Whittier.

I am flying, Egypt flying.—Lytle.

Not to mention the boy standing on the airship's deck, a life on the rolling clouds, the various and space-filling rides of Messrs. Gilpin, Revere and Sheridan, and one or two more that are really too good to be given away.—Franklin P. Adams, in Life.

Here are some Christmas bromides from Puck:

Dear me! It's a lucky thing Christmas comes only once a year. I don't know what we'd do if it came oftener.

Isn't so much the value of a present as the spirit in which it is given.

I hang my stocking up just to please the children—I dread telling them there's no Santa Claus. Let some one else do that.

It never seems like Christmas to me unless it snows.

I always try to give sensible gifts—something useful, that will be a reminder all the year.

Money is always such an accept-

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able present. There isn't one of us who has so much that he can't take a little more.

I love a good home dinner on Christmas day, with all the relatives around. It's so nice for the children, too.

Don't you pity the poor at this time of the year? I do.

Christmas and New Year's come so close together. It's too bad they couldn't be separated a little—two holidays coming right on top of each other that way make it so hard; but then the children enjoy it.

I never know what to give father. It's so hard to think of anything for a man. And my rich friends—they have everything already.

It transpires that W. F. Maclean, M.P., is a milk producer. He gets 80 gallons from his cows on the Donlands farm. All the other Toronto editors do in this line is to get a few quarts of the milk of human kindness daily.—Toronto Star.

"Kitty," said her mother, rebukingly, "you must sit still when you are at the table." "I can't, mamma," protested the little girl. "I'm a fidgetarian."—Chicago Tribune.

He (at the opera)—Just going out for a little fresh air, my dear. She—A slight draught, you mean, I suppose.—Punch.

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Mabel (testing the wisdom of the grown-ups)—"Well, how did Martin Luther die?"

Uncle Jim—"Die? Oh, in the ordinary way, I suppose." Mabel—"Oh, Uncle! you really don't know anything. He was excommunicated by a bull."—Harper's Weekly.

He (at the opera)—Just going out for a little fresh air, my dear. She—A slight draught, you mean, I suppose.—Punch.

THE DRAMA

THE attraction at the Princess Theatre next week will be "A Knight for a Day." This piece is described as a "musical gaiety," from which it may be inferred that it comes in the class of entertainments variously referred to as musical gambols, musical cocktails, *et cetera*. The book was written by Robert B. Smith, and the score by Raymond Hubbell. The production is sponsored by B. C. Whitney, proprietor of the Princess, and the staging is excellent. One thing about this offering that promises rather well is the fact that the manager responsible for it does not herald it as being anything but "something that will make you laugh"—simply this and nothing more. If it can do this, "A Knight for a Day" may be sure of a warm welcome.

This musical comedy has had long runs in New York, Boston, and Chicago. The company includes a large number of girls—good-looking girls we are assured—and is headed by Miss May Vokes, who is said to be a natural fun-maker of gifts much above the ordinary. She plays a slavey role in quaintly amusing fashion. Supporting her is Walter Perkins, a well-known comedian.

The story is just visible enough to be used for the purpose of hanging together a lot of amusing incidents and songs; and Miss Vokes is on the stage all the time. The incidents are these: A little waiter refused a tip by a modern knight upon whom he is waiting, appropriates the knight's credentials and goes a-knighting for twenty-four hours on his own account. He meets at a ladies' boarding school a "servant lady" who is an old flame. Misadventures many attend a renewal of the pair's courtship. They elope by moonlight via a ladder. They flee to Corsica. They encounter brigands. Particular spectacular effects include a giant see-saw of hundreds of lights and scores of teetering tom-boy girls, also a curtain tissue with electricity of changing hues.

Matinees will be given Wednesday and Saturday, and a special matinee on New Year's day.

For months there have been rumors of changes at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, and during the past week a number of these rumors have appeared in the daily newspapers of the city. The latest of these is the announcement that Mr. Lawrence Solman, who is financially interested in the house and who has been its manager, will lease the Alexandra and assume complete control of its offerings. Attractions sent out by Belasco & Fiske, the independent managers, and also Shubert attractions, it is said, will be presented, and a still broader policy will be inaugurated. The Imperial Opera Company, which has done such admirable and popular work, will not give many more performances. Whatever the future of the magnificent new theatre may be, we may be assured that at all events it will be a bright one.

The offering of the Imperials for the coming week will be "Jack and the Bean Stalk," one of the most popular of English Christmas pieces. The company will be seen at their best in this pantomime, and an excellent and amusing production will no doubt result.

Clifford Lane Bruce, a well-known Toronto man, who is playing the leading role in "The Thief" this season, has received the most favorable criticisms for his excellent work. Mr. Bruce is considered a "find" of Charles Frohman's, who is always on the lookout for capable, young, leading men. Mr. Bruce was "discovered" by the manager while giving a trial performance of a play in a small town near New York, and was immediately engaged for his present part.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendall, who made many friends in Toronto on their last Canadian visit, are about to retire from the stage. They have done much to promote true comedy on the London stage, and, it is said, are among the wealthiest managers who have ever retired from the British stage.

"A Knight for a Day" is the title of the comedy at the Princess next week; but it sounds tame in comparison to the title, "The Knights of the Red Garter," which will be seen at the Gayety for a week commencing

with the matinee next Monday. This is a three-act burlesque offering by the Rose Hill Folly Company, and it is said to be something new in this line of entertainment. Geo. W. Rice will be the principal fun-maker, and surrounding him will be a lot of other burlesque comedians with plenty of fun up their sleeves. Gayety patrons may expect a show that will amuse them next week.

"The Devil" came to Toronto this week with an evil reputation. It was said to be a bad play. Leaving aside the condemnations of the comedy by those who had not seen it, and by those who possess a type of mind not capable of looking below the malicious flippancy of surface presented by the play, it still had an evil odor. Intelligent, experienced playgoers, as well as those who are not experienced had said that its influence was all bad. A discriminating critic, writing in an American magazine recently, said: "I raise my hand against 'The Devil.' It is the work of a young foreigner with sensuous lips, exotic eyes, and an epigrammatic brain."

To begin with, Molnar, the Hungarian author of "The Devil," is a flabby, unwholesome-looking young man, to judge him by his portraits; and perhaps his play was the outgrowth primarily of unhealthy, unlovely thought. But the drama, as presented here at the Princess Theatre this week, is not repulsive to the average healthy, intelligent mind. It must be remembered that "The Devil" is a comedy. It is a brilliant comedy; indeed, the dialogue is a succession of brilliant epigrams. And if these epigrams invert truth they do so in a way that only stimulates the well-balanced auditor to laughingly refute them. Surely one may look sometimes upon a picture of the devil with profit. But of course some people can not. Adolescence in the cheap seats probably can not. And unquestionably many mature minds are so constituted that they can not. But if "The Devil," for these reasons, is evil, so are many, many high-class plays evil. If "The Devil" is altogether bad it would be logical to conclude that all drama ought to be suppressed because audiences cannot be hand-picked.

The story of "The Devil" is simple. The devil, a well-dressed, humorous, man of the world of strong personality, induces a young artist to give rein to his love for a married woman. Two other women, a young lady and a model, love the artist, but the devil, or as he calls himself, Dr. Miller, puts them aside; and triumphs in his evil work of fanning into flame an illicit passion. The devil's brilliant expressions of logic constitute the fascination of the play. The piece, although exceedingly clever, has several weaknesses. Why, for example, three women should be consumed by a devilish passion for an insignificant mollycoddle of a youth is hard to

understand. The acting might also be strengthened, for the devil might more effectively deliver his most insidious suggestions to the young artist by never going out of a conversational strain instead of occasionally resorting to declamation.

Mr. Edwin Stevens, however, plays the title role with marked effect, and gives the piece the desired atmosphere. The other members of the company are not players of exceptional ability.

"The Devil" ought to be seen by all experienced and discriminating theatre-goers, by all well-balanced people who know the world and the devil, and who wish to keep abreast of the times in a dramatic sense. Other people ought not to see it at all.

Massey Hall was actually not big enough to hold the audiences clamoring to see and hear Harry Lauder on Monday. Those who went to hear the famous Scottish comedian were largely Scotch themselves, and Lauder's mirth and broad Scotch jokes amused them mightily. Of course some were disappointed, and the views of those who were delighted with the Aberdeen singer and those who failed to distinguish him as a first-rate artist—a great artist of his class—may be arrived at from a conversation which took place on Tuesday. A man of Scottish descent met an acquaintance who "goes to everything" and is inclined to be critical.

"Did you hear Harry Lauder?" asked the former.

"Yes, I heard him," said his friend. "Wasn't he great—simply great?" said the Scotchman with enthusiasm. "Oh, I enjoyed his work very well," quoth the blasé knocker with a smile, "but I should scarcely call him great. He's a jolly interpreter of Scotch songs, but he lacks variety and artistry. In fact, he has been greatly overrated."

"Wha-a-a-t!" exclaimed the Scotchman. "Good heavens! Overrated! Why everybody admits that he is the greatest entertainer of his kind in the world. He draws the biggest salary. He's the darling of London. The King—"

"Well," interrupted the critical person, "you asked me for my opinion, and I'm giving it to you. When I go to hear an entertainer I form my own judgment. If more people took the trouble to cultivate judgment, believe me, we would have better entertainment all down the line. Lauder's programme was too much of a muchness. Some of his selections were also too long to be effective, no matter how good they may have been. His work lacks in subtlety, and he betrayed several weaknesses that are never apparent in a really great artist. For instance, in the song about Mackay he introduced a baritone solo—"Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep"—and gave it seriously as though he thought he could really sing in that way. No one in the comedy line with a full sense of proportion—no real artist—would do a thing like that."

"Ah, but, man, you don't understand," answered the other, hotly. "You went looking for high art—for goodness knows what—and you couldn't see how Harry Lauder was great and subtle, because he was so natural and got right to the heart of human nature. You know that he is not a highly educated man, that his accent is broad on the stage and off it, and so you think he can't be an artist. You're prejudiced against him. You're prejudiced against his Scotchness. You don't understand him or the beauties of Scotch humor at all."

"No, no," said the knocker. "There was a time when I would have thought Lauder great. There is a comic singer right here in Toronto whom I thought as a boy to be great—I would have been willing to fight anybody who said he wasn't. But I scarcely think so now. Why there are thousands of people scattered over this continent who religiously believe that John Kendrick Bangs is the greatest humorous verse writer in the world. They would laugh at you if you denied their assertion that he is. But I think you would deny it. No; I'm not saying that I did not enjoy Lauder. But to hear anyone compare him with Albert Chevalier makes one want to go out and take a drink of fiery water."

And so the two parted, each feeling as sorry for the other as a be-

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I WISH that everyone who has the moral and artistic welfare of this city at heart could have been in Guild Hall the night of the 17th to hear the concert of the Elementary Chorus of The People's Choral Union, and I hope that it will soon be necessary to take Massey Hall, where the singers can be properly seated, and where the audience may have the added pleasure of seeing the play of expression on each interested face. This is denied the larger part of the audience in Guild Hall, but I was fortunate enough to be well placed and I thought that the enthusiastic devotion which illuminated the countenances of the singers must have fully repaid Mr. Fletcher for all his work. To those who had heard for the first time, the results of the few weeks' study, it was a revelation of the vocal possibilities of Toronto. One to whom I spoke could scarcely believe that anyone who wished to join was admitted without test. How Mr. Fletcher manages to instill the rudiments of tone production, notation and part singing in so short a time cannot be described, it borders on the miraculous and must be heard to be believed.

The best work of the programme was done in Mendelssohn's "Lark," and many an older society might be proud of such a performance, the tenor section being especially brilliant. Another pleasing number was Sullivan's "Cuckoo," which was heartily enjoyed by the chorus and audience. Several of Mr. Fletcher's pupils assisted, notably Mrs. DeLaine, who has a very pleasing voice and bids fair to become a fine singer, and Mr. J. R. Page, who should be heard more frequently. Miss Louise Williams and Mr. F. W. Robinson had to respond to insistent encores, and the Victoria University Octette, despite the desertion of one of its members, were recalled after every number. Mrs. J. R. Page and Miss Miriam G. Fletcher were sympathetic and efficient accompanists. Altogether it was a red letter night for Mr. Fletcher, and a credit to the city that is giving the world the finest examples of choral singing.

LACK of space prevented the printing of the notice of Mr. Edward Barton's concert which was given in St. George's Hall, Tuesday evening, the 15th. Mr. Barton has long been known as a well-equipped and artistic singer, and one who cannot be heard too frequently. He has a fine sonorous voice of good compass and under perfect control. He is particularly effective in the florid runs of Handel, and at the same time he is not wanting in warmth. He had the assistance of Miss Craig, whose readings were most favorably received, Mr. Gratton, violinist, and the Canada Male Quartette. I want to praise Mr. Norris for his very good enunciation, in fact each member of the quartette is worthy of praise. Mr. Barton repeated Gounod's "Nazareth" at the Christmas meeting of the Women's Morning Music Club with a great deal of success.

LAST Saturday night Mr. Wheel- don, assisted by the choir of the Metropolitan church and Miss Eva Mylott, the Australian con-

tralto, gave an organ and choral recital. Miss Mylott made a fine impression and her beautiful voice and artistic singing gained her many admirers. She was particularly happy

in her interpretation of Giordani's "Caro Mio Ben." Her voice is a true contralto of wide range, lovely quality, except when she forces the lower register, when it becomes too throaty. Mr. Wheelton was at his best in the Pearce-Wagner "Fantasia on Lohengrin," where his grasp of orchestral effects was given full scope. The choir and quartette gave a fine rendition of Horatio Parker's sacred cantata, "The Holy Child." Miss Crawford sang "Once in Royal David's City" delightfully.

AS the time draws near for the concerts of the National Chorus—January 18 and 19—Dr. Ham is working with redoubled energy so that nothing in his power will be left undone to make this the best series of concerts ever given under his baton, and his singers are aiding him in every way. Never have the rehearsals been so well attended, and enthusiasm is at white heat. The programme of the first concert is devoted to British composers, and offers a number of novelties, chief among them being Elgar's "First Symphony," which Mr. Dams- rosch is making a special feature of in his concerts throughout the United States. At its first performance under Richter, the critic of The London Times gave it glowing praise, and it bids fair to rival in popularity "The Dream of Gerontius." The choral numbers are Cowen's cantata, "He Giveth His Beloved Sleep," contralto solo, chorus and orchestra; Bridge's cantata, "The Flag of England," soprano solo, chorus and orchestra; Elgar's "Land of Hope and Glory," contralto solo, chorus and orchestra; and an unaccompanied part song by Henry Leslie, "Lullaby of Life." Miss Margaret Keyes, who took the house by storm the night she sang with Caruso, will sing the contralto solos and a group of English songs, and Miss Helen Davies, whose singing at former concerts has been warmly praised, will sing the soprano solos.

The second programme is more or less in the nature of a commemoration of the centenary of Mendelssohn, and the chorus "Thanks be to God" from "Elijah," and the "Italian Symphony" are the chief features. Ham- ish MacCunn's "Lord Ullin's Daughter," chorus and orchestra, and three unaccompanied choral numbers, "Good Friday Spell" (Parsifal) and Tschaiakowski's "Orchestral Suite No. 3," and two arias by Miss Keyes complete the programme.

The subscription lists close one week from to-day.

THEODORE THOMAS was called the King of Programme Makers, and no one dared hope that a worthy successor could be found, but Mr. Frederick Stock has convinced the most carping critics that he is the man to carry forward the work begun by the greatest pioneer of the world of music has known. If proof were wanting at this day of Mr. Stock's ability and catholicity of taste the list he has sent on for the Mendelssohn Choir concerts would be positive. Without neglecting the old he has chosen from the best of the new, and they present a comprehensive review of what the younger men are doing. At the first concert we shall hear the introduction of the first act of D'Indy's opera, "Fervaal"; Liadow's Symphonic Poem, "Baba Yaga"; Strauss' "Dance of the Seven Veils," from "Salome," and "The Love Scene," from "Fire Famine." At the second concert, the overture to Liebes- fruhling, by Georg Schu- mann; prelude to Debussy's L'Après Midi d'un Faun, and Rimski-Korsakov's "Capriccio Espagnol." The third programme is entirely devoted to Elgar, the choir, soloists and orchestra presenting "Caractacus," and the orchestra playing the overture, "Cockaigne."

The choir and orchestra at the first concert gave Brahms' "Song of Destiny," parts of Elgar's "King Olaf" and his scene from the Bavarian Highlands. The second night they give selections from Bach's B minor Mass, scenes from the 3rd act of "Die Meistersingers," and Hugo Wolf's "The Mad Fire Rider." This is

one of the most wonderful and perhaps the most difficult compositions ever put before a choral society, requiring virtuosity of the highest grade for its interpretation.

At all the concerts, but particularly at the last, a *capella* selections will be given. The vocal soloists engaged are: Mrs. Rider-Kelsey, who made a successful debut at Covent Garden since she was last heard here; Mr. George Hamlin, whose singing in the Liszt 13th Psalm, both here and in New York, was so highly praised; Mr. Claude Cunningham, the favorite of last season; and Mr. Frederick Martin, bass, who won recognition for himself at the Worcester Festival, where he sang in "Caractacus." For the Saturday concert Miss Augusta Cottlow, a brilliant young pianiste, who also scored a success at Worcester, has been engaged. From her earliest appearances she has steadily grown in favor until now she has taken her place among the foremost artists.

Each season sees Dr. Vogt preparing new delights for us and as season after season goes by eclipsing its predecessor one wonders how much higher can he take us. At the first concert I heard six seasons ago I thought that the Mendelssohn Choir had about reached perfection, but my taste has grown by what it has fed upon, and I try to imagine how I would enjoy the concerts of 1904 in my present advancing state. And yet we are promised more in the future.

MATTHEW WHITE, a New York reviewer, has paid Harry Lauder the following tribute: "Do not be surprised if you are disappointed in Harry Lauder at the outset when you are seeing him for the first time. You expect you can scarcely express what, when you see the packed theatre, with an overflow audience seated at the sides of the stage, as was the case when Mr. Lauder appeared at the American in New York. My own experience was just this—I timed him when he came on, and discovered that it was ten minutes to ten o'clock. When he began to apologize for not singing another song—I looked at my watch again and was amazed to discover that it was fifteen minutes to eleven. My first impression was one of disappointment, but scarcely had he withdrawn than I was wishing that he would come back and do it all over again."

Truly his power over an audience is marvellous, and yet his methods are so simple, so direct, that the greater marvel is, How does he do it? He crowded Massey Hall for two performances, and so great was the demand for seats that he is coming back again, and will probably crowd it again, as many who heard him this time will have come under the Lauder spell, and will want to hear him again.

Much praise is due the management for surrounding him with such an excellent company. This was more than we had a right to expect, but we can be grateful for it. Miss Virginia Verville would be a delightful acquisition to any concert programme.

WHEREVER the Pittsburgh Orchestra and Mr. Paur have appeared this season the critics have been unanimous in saying that the band has never been as good as it is now. Of course the praise is intended for Mr. Paur, who has spared neither pains nor expense (he having returned a generous percentage of his salary to the committee, so that his wishes regarding new men might be carried out) and in Buffalo he and his band were greeted by the largest audience they have ever had there. One composition that has been overwhelmingly popular is Tschaiakowski's "Italian Capriccio, op. 45," which has invariably been redemanded. This is one of the numbers on the first programme of the Schubert Choir concerts, in February. Another interesting number is Mr. Paur's Symphony "In der Natur." As is usual with Mr. Fletcher he has prepared a number of Schubert compositions, among them being a recently discovered set of Vocal Dances. Mozart will be represented by his "King Thamos," for orchestra and chorus. Another favorite of Mr. Paur's, Till Eulenspiegel's "Merry Franks," is on the second programme.

Mr. Fletcher's preliminary work is

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beginning to bear good fruit in form of well-trained choristers for the Schubert Choir, and judging from a rehearsal I heard last week the choir will surprise even its most sanguine friends this season.

GOUNOD'S thrilling Oratorio, "The Redemption," was dedicated to Her Most Gracious Majesty, the Queen of England, and like "Elijah," was first produced at a Birmingham Festival. The work is a lyrical setting forth of the three great facts on which depends the existence of the Christian church. These facts are: (1) The passion and the Death of the Saviour; (2) His Glorious Life on earth from His Resurrection to His Ascension; (3) The spread of Christianity in the world through the mission of the Apostles. These three parts of the present Trilogy are preceded by a prologue on the Creation, the fall of our first parents, and the promise of a Redeemer. This magnificent work will be produced at Massey Hall on Good Friday night by the Toronto Festival Chorus and orchestra under the direction of Dr. F. H. Torrington.

On Thursday evening last the choir of Olivet Congregational church gave an excellent concert to a very appreciative audience. The assisting artists were: Mr. Rechab Tandy, tenor; Miss Kathryn Borland, Scottish reader; Mr. Henry S. Alexander, cellist; Mr. Arthur E. Semple, flautist; Miss Annie McKay, pianiste and accompanist.

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ON a recent voyage of the Pacific Mail liner China, Capt. Dan Friele—"Ninety Fathom Dan," as he is called in affectionate tribute to his care for the lives and property dependent upon his skill—was annoyed by the persistent and not overwise chatter of a garrulous passenger. Whenever the captain appeared on deck his persecutor was there waiting with some idiotic question or inane and drawn-out yarn. One day the wind kicked up a nasty sea in which the China pitched and tossed like an eggshell in a pot of boiling coffee. "Ninety Fathom Dan," in dripping oilskins, his weather-beaten cheeks glewing from the lashing of the spray laden gale, came down from the bridge and at the saloon companionway was waylaid by the pest.

The pest's complexion was a muddy green, and it required no experienced eye to see that the China's antics had shaken his system, full of bile.

"Morning, captain," he said.

"Morning," growled Dan, who started away in a hurry.

"Oh, captain; just a minute," persisted the pest. "I've crossed the Atlantic a dozen times in weather often worse than this, but I was never seasick before. Can you account for it?"

"Yes, sir," replied the captain.

"What do you think it is, captain?"

"Bad memory, sir!"

A CERTAIN English town council after a protracted sitting was desirous of adjourning for luncheon. The proposition was opposed by the mayor, who thought that if his fellow-councillors felt the stimulus of hunger the dispatch of business would be much facilitated. At last an illiterate member got up and exclaimed:

"I ham astonished, I ham surprised, I ham amazed, Mr. Mayor, that you will not let us go to lunch!"

"I'm surprised," exclaimed one of his colleagues, "that a gentleman who has got so much 'ham' in his mouth wants any lunch at all!"

"THE evident distress of some of our leading citizens," said Irving Cobb (according to The Post, of Philadelphia) "over the disclosures of their past affiliations along corporation lines, and their painful endeavors to discover just what is the right thing to do, reminds me of a man down in Paducah who invested in a sure system for beating the races.

"He sent his money to New York and received by return mail an elaborate set of instructions how to bet, with a certain capital, to bring about the utter annihilation of the book-makers and get for himself all the money at the track.

"He followed the system carefully, losing, it is scarcely necessary to state, all his money. Then, disheartened but not discouraged, and still retaining faith, he wired to the men who sold him the system: 'I have followed your system carefully and am broke. How shall I act now?'

"A few hours later he received this reply: 'Act like you are broke.'"

BENTLEY had been out late the night before, or rather, he had stayed in late in a little affair at bridge, and about all he had left to show for it in the morning was an old-fashioned away-from-home-made headache. In hope of relief, he had sought his old friend the barber, and the latter had been busy on Bentley's head and face for the past hour.

"By Jove! Karl," said Bentley, as the barber rubbed the top of his head, "that feels mighty good, I can tell you. The man who invented massage was not only a genius, but a benefactor to the whole human race. They ought to put up a statue to him. There's nothing like it when a fellow feels seedy. There's only one trouble about it."

"Vot iss it?" asked Karl, hoping that perhaps he might overcome the difficulty.

"Why, it's all on the outside," said Bentley. "If there were only some apparatus that would enable you to get inside a fellow's head and clear out the pains of the morning after, what a blessing it would be!"

"Vell," said Karl, "I tink that maybe some day dose vacuum-cleaner fellers will do dot already yet. Vot?"

A RELIGIOUS worker, while visiting a western town, gave a "Talk for Men," during the course of which he expressed his conviction that no young man should visit any place to which he would not feel justified in taking his own sister.

"Is there any young man present who thinks one may safely disregard this wise rule?" asked the speaker.

Whereupon a youth in the rear of the hall arose and shouted in a stentorian tone:

"Yes, sir, I do!"

"And what, sir," demanded the angry and surprised speaker, "is the place which you yourself would think of visiting to which you could not take your sister?"

"The barber-shop!" replied the youth.

A DOCTOR came up to a patient in an insane asylum, slapped him on the back, and said: "Well, old man, you're all right. You can run along and write your folks that you'll be back home in two weeks as good as new."

The patient went off gaily to write his letter. He had it finished and sealed, but when he was licking the stamp, it slipped through his fingers to the floor, lighted on the back of a cockroach that was passing and stuck. The patient hadn't seen the cockroach—what he did see was his escaped postage stamp zigzagging aimlessly across the floor to the baseboard, wavering up over the baseboard, and followed a crooked track up the wall and across the ceiling. In depressed silence he tore up the letter that he had just written and dropped the pieces on the floor.

"Two weeks!! Rats!" he said. "I won't be out of here in three years."

WHILE out walking one day the late Joel Chandler Harris met an unusually large number of acquaintances who commented conventionally upon the fine weather. This got on Harris' nerves; and when greeted at the office with, "Nice day, Mr. Harris," he smiled sardonically.

"Yes," he agreed. "Yes, I've heard it very highly spoken of."

AFTER they had kissed each other, and each had duly admired the other's new hat, Amy said: "So Dollie is married?"

"So I've heard," returned Fanny.

"Nice girl, isn't she?" ventured Amy.

"Oh, very!" returned Fanny.

"I wouldn't say a word against her for the world."

"Neither would I. How do you suppose she ever got him?"

"I'm sure I don't know; do you?"

"No; I would give anything to know."

"So would I. It certainly wasn't her good looks."

"Oh, no!"

"Nor her cleverness."

"The idea is absurd."

"I can't understand it at all. They say that he had to be dragged to the church."

"I shouldn't wonder. Dollie wouldn't be everybody's fancy."

"Rather not. Still, I am glad she has caught someone. She is a dear girl, and it would be cruel to say anything against her."

"Indeed it would. I wouldn't do it for the world."

"Neither would I."

A CROWD of small boys were gathered about the entrance of a circus tent in a small city one day, trying to get a glimpse of the interior. A man standing near watched them for a few moments, then walking up to the ticket-taker he said:

"Let all these boys in, and count them as they pass."

The man did as requested, and when the last one had gone, he turned and said, "Twenty-eight."

"Good!" said the man. "I guessed just right," and walked off.

"WELL, George," said a Georgia man not long ago to an old dorky in his employ. "I understand that you intend to give your son an education."

"Dat's my intention, sah," responded George. "I knows myself what 'tis to struggle along widout larnin', an' I has determined my son ain't goin' to have no sich trouble as I's had."

"Is your son learning rapidly?"

"He shore is, sah. Las' week he done wrote a letter to his aunt what lives more'n twenty mile from yere; an' after while while he's goin' to write to his aunt dat lives 'bout fifty mile from yere."

"Why doesn't he write to that aunt now?" asked the employer.

"He kaint write so fur yit, sah. He kin write twenty mile fust-rate, but I tole him not to try fifty mile till he gits stronger wif his pen."

At a meeting of French Academy a short time ago the "Immortals" had assembled and were conversing informally on the subject of the election of a new member when a well-known writer entered the room. He greeted his colleagues, who smiled broadly upon him. Presently the smiles became laughter, and it dawned upon the writer that something about him was the cause of the hilarity. Good-natured explanations followed and then, stroking his left cheek, the late arrival said:

"I fancy you are right. I had not finished shaving when I thought of the election here to-day and rushed away, with the work undone."

"Don't worry," said one of his friends; "remember Pasteur, who conduced with a woman who had just lost her husband, and thinking for the moment that it was the son who died said:

"You are the more to be pitied because he was your only one."

IT is still the custom in certain parts of New England, when a marriage ceremony has been performed, for the bridegroom to address the company in a few well-chosen words.

On one such occasion, when a Vermont widower had been married to his second choice, he is said to have formulated his observations in the following strain:

"Friends and neighbors, you all know that our good friend here, who has just done me the honor to share my joys and sorrows, is something of a stranger to our town. Being a mere man, I feel that I need your help to make her feel at home amongst us; so I'm going to depend upon you women folks to make her feel perfectly at home here. I know you will do this, just as my first wife would do if she were here to-day. I miss her considerable at times, but more than usual on an occasion like this."

MRS. NICHOLAS LONG-WORTH at a dinner in Cincinnati, told a quaint story about an English youngster.

"They are very precocious, indeed," she said, "those little chaps from Eton or Rugby, with their round, sober faces and their quiet air. A very pretty American girl was talking one evening in London to one of these urchins."

"And have you got a sweetheart yet, Tommy?" she said, playfully.

"No," said Tommy; "still, I'm game enough for a bit of spooning, if that's what you're after."

A CERTAIN clergyman was summoned in haste by a woman who had been taken suddenly ill. The reverend gentleman went in some wonder, for he knew that she was not of his parish, and was, moreover, said to be devoted to her own minister, the Reverend Mr. W.

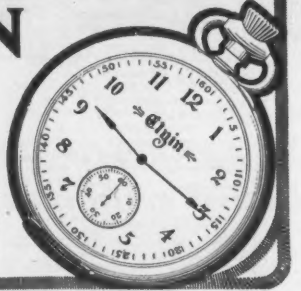
While he was waiting in the parlor, before being shown to the sick room, he fell to talking with the little girl of the house.

"It is very gratifying to know that your mother thought of me in her illness," said he. "Is Dr. W. out of town?"

"Oh, no," answered the child, in a matter-of-fact tone. "Dr. W. isn't away. Only we thought it might be something ketchin' and we didn't want to take any risk."

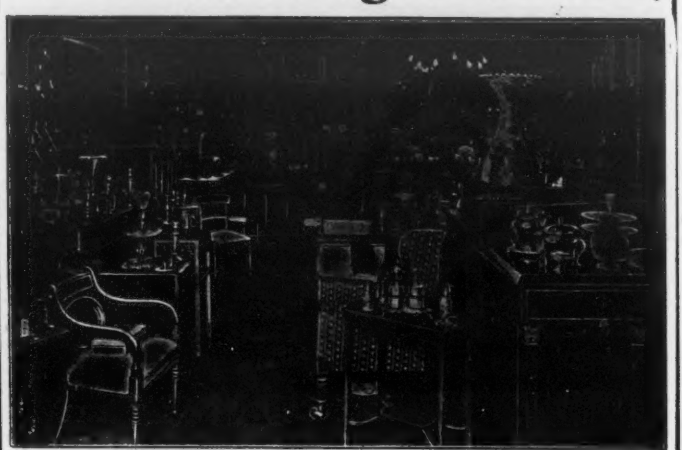
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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

A VERY beautiful and joyous festivity each year is Mrs. Palmer's Christmas tree for her small relatives, nieces and nephews, and bonnie grandchildren, who assembled on Thursday afternoon at Huntley Lodge, Deer Park, for their annual good time. The occasion occurred too late for notice in detail this week.

Lady Dorothy Smyly was able to take a short drive on Monday afternoon and is getting over her illness satisfactorily.

Mrs. Keele, who has been at the Village Inn, Grimsby, came to town for Christmas, which she will enjoy with her sister, Mrs. Henry Williamson, at her home in Carlton street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Macdonald Fahey are *en pension* at 31 Wilcocks street for the winter.

Mrs. Farry, of Spadina avenue, gave a large tea for her debutante daughter, Miss Gladys Parry, who made her debut at a house dance given in her honor earlier in the season. Mrs. Parry wore a turquoise *crepe de soie* gown, and Miss Gladys wore white spotted chiffon over taffeta. A group of her cotemporaries, some of the prettiest girls coming out this year, assisted in the tea room, and proved themselves the most attentive of waitresses. Among the guests were: Lady Moss, Miss Moss, Mrs. Adam Wright, who received with Mrs. Parry (the latter is a cousin of Dr. Wright); Mrs. Biggs, who assisted in the drawing-room; Mrs. Harton Walker, Mrs. Todhunter, Mrs. Nevitt, Mrs. Clarke, Mrs. Beatty, Mrs. Morse, of Winnipeg; Mrs. McPhedran, Mrs. Starr, Dr. Stowe Gulien, and a great number of others. The table was done with Richmond roses, and the affair was very smart and enjoyable.

Mrs. Philip Strathy has been staying with Mr. and Mrs. A. Gowan Strathy.

Mr. Keith MacDougall is on the staff of the Dominion Bank, in Toronto. Mr. W. Clemow has been sent from Chatham to Toronto in the Standard Bank.

Colonel MacDougall, of Ottawa, is in town for Christmas and, with Mrs. MacDougall, is visiting Mrs. Hawke in Wellington street.

The most delightful and out of the common event for certain favored members of the young set is the dinner dance in Stanley Barracks, to which nine or ten pretty girls were invited by the officers one evening recently. Mrs. Victor Williams, wife of the Colonel, chaperoned the party, and after a very nice dinner the mess-room was cleared for a jolly dance. The officers now in quarters are proving themselves not unkind of the kind hospitalities in which they have been included by some of our most charming hostesses.

The Daughters of the Empire have issued a most creditable number of "Echoes" this month, in which Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt finishes her very interesting account of her recent trip through Japan, China and Korea, and Miss Merritt has a readable article on the London Season. The number is most worthy of attention and praise.

Mrs. P. D. Crerar, of Hamilton, is taking a New Year's Eve party to that charming hostelry, the Village Inn, at Grimsby, where they are to dine, dance and sleep, returning to Hamilton on New Year's Day. The people of the Ambitious City are to be congratulated on having such a pretty rendezvous so near at hand, as the trolley line from Hamilton to Beamsville passes the door of the Inn. I had rather a surprise last Friday, on arriving on a visit of curiosity at the Inn, for instead of what the name suggests, I found an absolutely up-to-date but very cosy place, with baths and telephones in all directions, and a simply splendid banquet room with an ideal floor for dancing. Motor parties are liable to invade its dainty precincts any hour of the day, and altogether it's well worth an hour or so by train to visit.

Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Winn welcomed a number of relatives and very intimate friends on Saturday for the celebration of Mrs. Jones' birthday, which is a privilege no invited guest able to put one foot before the other ever fails to enjoy and appreciate. Beautiful flowers are sent always to the much esteemed celebrant, and children and grandchildren, nephews and nieces, join in the congratulations and welcome to friends which make such a happy hour for all of them. Mrs. Jones, last Saturday, celebrated her 89th anniversary, as was testified by the pretty twinkling candles on her fine birthday cake. The dainty tea was dispensed by the Misses Gamble Geddes, granddaughters and the Misses Heward, nieces of Mrs. Jones.

The social calendar this week is always meagre, and, beside family affairs, which are legion, everyone seeming to be keeping the holidays with enthusiasm, there are only a couple of dances and three or four dinners of the non-family sort to be mentioned. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Cawthra gave a dance on Thursday.

The engagement of Miss Jean L. Gibson, third daughter of Honorable Senator Gibson, of Beamsville, and Mr. David M. Finnie, of Winnipeg, is announced.

Mrs. J. G. Beard is spending the holidays in town and all her old friends are delighted to see her looking so well. She is the guest of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Sam Beard, 502 Huron street.

The Lieutenant Governor and Mrs. Gibson got back to Government House this week, and a great wave of sympathy and condolence met them from their many Toronto friends in the loss of their first born. The funeral of the late Mr. Gibson took place in Hamilton on Monday.

Mrs. Cattanaich has been suffering from a bad attack of influenza.

Mrs. James Galloway is giving a tea at the Military Institute, Simcoe street, next Wednesday, from 4 to 6 o'clock.

Mrs. Gooch and her young people are giving a dance at the new Galleries, 594 Jarvis street, on January 7, at eight o'clock.

A very quiet wedding was celebrated at Norway on Monday afternoon by Rev. Baynes-Reed, rector of St. John's church. The bridegroom was a young man well

known all over Canada, Major R. K. Barker, eldest son of Mrs. Barker, of Rowanwood avenue, Rosedale; the bride, Miss Minnie Lebron, of Carleton Place, daughter of the late Joseph Lebron. Major Barker was in boyhood days a schoolmate of Rev. Baynes-Reed, when both families resided in London the Less, and the friendship continues today as warm as ever. Mr. Will Barker, a married brother of the bridegroom, acted as father and gave away the bride. Miss Claribel Burns, of Parkdale, was bridesmaid, and Mr. Ed. Barker best man. The ceremony was quite private and Major and Mrs. Barker went to Buffalo and New York for a few days, returning to town for Christmas. They will remain for the winter with Mrs. Barker, at her home in Rowanwood avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan McDougall Jones came to town for Christmas, bringing their two little ones and joined Mrs. Barker's family reunion during their visit. Mr. and Mrs. Jones reside in Ottawa.

The Harry Lauder entertainment in Massey Hall gave a look at vaudeville to many a staid Scotch body who never goes to Sheas, and every seat was filled for the performance on Monday evening. The Scotch comedian gave several wonderfully clever character sketches, and sang two of his best songs, "I Love a Lassie" being most like the expectations of many of his hearers. In it Mr. Lauder is irresistible. His character sketch of the "saft" boy was also excellent, and the facial expression wonderful. The audience begged in vain for several other favorites, Mr. Lauder excusing himself, but announcing his return for four more concerts. One very clever number on the long programme was the impersonation of famous composer-conductors, including Wagner, Liszt, Suppe, Sousa, and one or two others. The man who gave these impersonations is a real artist. Everyone and his wife and family seemed to be there and a few of the vast throng were: Mr. and Mrs. John Kay, Miss Edith Kay, Mr. and Mrs. Sigmund Samuel, Mr. and Mrs. Willison, Captain and Mrs. Laybourne, Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra Mulock, Mr. Norman Perry, Mr. and Mrs. Case, Major and Mrs. Elmsley, Mr. Bogert, Miss Melvin Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Pepler, Dr. and Mrs. Pepler, Miss Curlette, Mr. and Mrs. Ross Robertson, Senator and Mrs. Gibson, of Beamsville; Mr. and Mrs. Jennings, Mr. and Mrs. Darling, Miss Gibson, the Misses Mortimer Clark, Major Michie, Colonel Robertson, Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander, Mr. Gordon Jones, Mrs. Cowan, Miss Michie, Mr. Lindsay, Mr. Chrysler, the Misses Adams, Mr. Laird, Captain and Mrs. Van Straubenzee, Mr. and Mrs. Walker Bell, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hills, Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Mann, Mrs. Arthur Grantham, Mrs. McGregor Young, Mrs. Arthur Spragge, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Osler, Mr. and Mrs. Ewart Osborne, Mrs. R. A. Smith, Miss Milne, Mr. Heward, Mr. Cronyn, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Christie, Mr. and Mrs. Palmer, of Huntley Lodge; Mr. and Mrs. Baird Mr. and Mrs. Alan Sullivan, Mrs. Hees, Mrs. Good, of New York; Mr. Harris Hees, Mr. and Mrs. Haas, Colonel and Mrs. Maclean, Mr. and Mrs. J. George, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McLeod, Dr. and Mrs. Baines, Mr. and Mrs. Ryrie and a box party, Mr. Jaffery, Mr. and Mrs. Benedict, Mr. and Mrs. James Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Wilmot Matthews, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston, Mr. Kortwright, Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Small, Mr. and Mrs. George Gale, Mrs. T. B. Taylor, Miss Duggan, Miss Lillian Lee, and hundreds of others.

Mr. Beardmore's New Year's Eve dance, at Chudleigh, will be the smart event of next week. Several of the debutantes are invited, and are greatly anticipating the delights of what is always one of the best dances of the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Barker have taken a cosy house in Irwin avenue, where they are nicely settled.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston have moved into their new house in St. George street this week.

The stork brought a fine little daughter last week to Capt. and Mrs. Douglas Young, who are living with Sir Glenholme and Lady Falconbridge for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Delamere, for so long residents in Simcoe street, and strong supporters of the Church of the Ascension, have moved to their recently purchased house in Heath street, Deer Park, the former home of the late Mr. Alfred Hoskins.

The marriage of Mr. Douglas Laird and Miss Augustine Adams will be an event of the new year.

Harry Lauder remarked in a speech, at Massey Hall that between here and New York he had found this country owned many Scotchmen and later that Scotchmen owned this country. You'd have thought so, if you'd seen the sons o' heather that evening.

The cadets are home from R. M. C., and their smart uniforms and soldierly carriage are very much admired. Holidays are all too short for their friends to entertain these fine young chaps.

Lady Kirkpatrick's pretty little cards with the legend "Lest you forget" printed over her name and London address, have reminded several Toronto friends of how much they'll miss this most charming hostess at Christmas time. Never did a hostess enter better into the spirit of the season, welcome merrymakers with greater grace and tact, or dance the time honored "Sir Roger" with more verve and lightness.

The ball given by Dr. and Mrs. Dewar, of Windsor, Friday night, was one of the social events of the season. It was given in honor of Miss Grace Dewar, a very charming debutante. Quite a number of out-of-town guests were there, among them were: Miss Hope, of Toronto; Miss Thompson, of Chatham; Miss Florence Atkinson, Miss Marjorie Davies, Miss Gertrude Viger, of Detroit; Mr. and Mrs. Harrington E. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Ridout, Miss Hunter, Miss Griggs, of Walkerville. All of the debutantes were there, Miss Florence Roehm, Miss Southerland, Miss Peddie, Miss Mair.

Mrs. James Bain and Mr. Watson Bain will be out of town till after the New Year.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Main, of Orillia, Ont., announce the engagement of their eldest daughter, Miss Jessie Florence (Dot) and Mr. Russell Hamilton Thompson, of Montreal. The marriage will take place in January.

REA'S New Store for Women

EVENING GOWNS

Clinging, closely-draped models of Directoire and Empire styles—the fashions that have won women's hearts with their transcending grace and beauty. No extreme Sheath models, only gowns of wonderful charm and altogether beautiful.

Just now there is a passion for black toilettes for both day and evening wear—black glorified into radiance by filmy linings, bits of color or jet trimming.

This handsome clinging gown of black duchesse satin is charmingly elaborated with jet woven into black net—the new jet—brilliant, sparkling and light as a feather. Tiny jet-trimmed satin rosettes and round balls of jet suspended on silk cord finish a gown of regal beauty. You'll be interested to know that it is wholly a Rea creation. Priced at \$100.

An Adorable Costume is this of reseda green satin. Slightly Empire design—a bewilderingly beautiful confusion of exquisitely embroidered net, lace and applique impossible to adequately describe. The price, \$150.

Evening Gown of white duchesse satin with garniture of bands of net heavily embroidered in silver in Wall of Troy pattern; another closely-draped gown of wonderful loveliness. Priced at \$150.



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THE SAME TO YOU

Is expressed by many at this time of the year. For one to live the many, many happy years wished by one's friends, it is absolutely necessary to take Cook's Turkish and Russian baths; good health is then assured.

Tell your friends what you intend to do, and if they have not already started advise them to start at once, you will then meet them year after year to extend Christmas greetings. Open day and night with excellent sleeping accommodation and rooms. A dainty bill of fare served at all hours.

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Give yourself, your sister, or your mother a permanent beauty-making gift in Hair, and enjoy, with them, lasting pleasure.

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The past few years of my business have been most satisfying, and is entirely due to the loyalty of my customers. I wish to thank them heartily and to extend sincere good wishes for a happy Christmas.



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C.P.R. tourist cars provide an economical and yet thoroughly comfortable means of transportation between Toronto and Western Canada. The cars are roomy, easy riding, well lighted and well ventilated, berths are furnished with fine bedding, changed daily by a smart and attentive porter. Rates are exceedingly moderate, \$4 to Winnipeg, \$6 to Calgary, and only \$8.50 to Vancouver, this charge covering a berth that will easily accommodate two adults if necessary. Tourist cars leave Toronto every night at 10.15 for Winnipeg and Vancouver. The popularity of this service makes it advisable to reserve berths well in advance, application being made to the nearest Canadian Pacific ticket agent.

Merchants' Bank of Canada

The Forty-fifth Annual Meeting of the Directors and Shareholders of the Merchants' Bank of Canada was held at noon yesterday, Wednesday, December 16th, the President, Sir H. Montagu Allan, in the chair. Amongst other directors and shareholders present were Messrs. Jonathan Hodgson, Thomas Long, C. F. Smith, Hugh A. Allan, Alex. Barnett, R. Campbell Nelles, G. Durnford, George Hague, John Patterson, C. R. Black, A. Brown, M. S. Foley, F. Hague, J. Watson, E. F. Hebdon, T. E. Merrett and D. C. Macarow.

The President appointed Mr. J. M. Kilbourn, Secretary of the Bank, to act as Secretary of the meeting.

The minutes of the last annual meeting were taken as read.

THE ANNUAL REPORT.

The President then submitted the annual report of the Directors, as follows:—

Your Directors beg to submit the Annual Statement of the affairs of the Bank at close of books on November 30th last, covering the year's business. The net profits amount to \$738,597.19, which is less than those of a year ago, but it will be borne in mind that conditions have been less favorable. Our interest-bearing deposits have grown to a considerably larger sum latterly, while our call loan funds—nearly \$11,000,000—have likewise greatly increased under a slowing down of trade activity, the latter yielding a substantially less return than at any date for many years back.

After paying the usual dividend of 8 per cent. we have disposed of the surplus earnings by writing down Bank Premises Account \$100,000, contributing \$25,000 to the Officers' Pension Fund, and carrying forward the balance to Undivided Profits Account, which has now reached the total of \$1,005,997.94.

All the Branches of the Bank have been duly inspected. We have found it desirable to close the sub-office at Douglas, Ontario, which did not justify being continued. We have opened Branches at Melville, Sask., Wainwright, Alta., and in Toronto on Parliament street.

With reference to the world-wide monetary stringency experienced the past year, bordering at times on panic conditions, without claiming undue precedence, we had early indication of the coming storm and prepared for something of the kind well in advance, so that our course through the growing pressure was made much easier and without stress to our extensive discounting clientele. Meantime, a clearer financial outlook has supervened, and we look from this on to a gradual revival of general trade, following upon an excellent crop in the Northwest and good prices.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

H. MONTAGU ALLAN, President.

STATEMENT OF THE RESULT OF THE BUSINESS OF THE BANK FOR THE YEAR ENDING 30TH NOVEMBER, 1908.

The Net Profits of the year, after payment of charges, rebate on discounts, interest on deposits, and making full provision for bad and doubtful debts, have amounted to \$ 738,597 19

The balance brought forward from 30th November, 1907, was 267,400 75

Making a total of \$ 1,005,997 94

This has been disposed of as follows:—

Dividend No. 82, at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum	\$ 120,000 00
Dividend No. 83, at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum	120,000 00
Dividend No. 84, at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum	120,000 00
Dividend No. 85, at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum	120,000 00
Written off Bank Premises Account	100,000 00
Contribution to Officers' Pension Fund	25,000 00
Balance carried forward	400,997 94
	\$ 1,005,997 94

STATEMENT OF LIABILITIES AND ASSETS. At 30th November, 1908.

Liabilities.

1.—To the public:—

Notes in Circulation	\$ 4,749,478 00
Deposits at Call	\$12,514,562 52
Deposits subject to notice (accrued interest to date included)	25,880,153 87
Deposits by other Banks in Canada	2,933,156 29
Balance due to Agents in Great Britain	\$41,327,872 68
Dividend No. 85	8,412 15
Undivided Profits	120,000 00
	865 00
	\$46,197,627 83

2.—To the stockholders:—

Capital paid up	\$ 6,000,000 00
Reserve Fund	4,000,000 00
Balance of Profits carried forward	400,997 94
	\$10,400,997 94

Assets.

Gold and Silver Coin on hand	\$ 1,569,822 58
Dominion Notes on hand	3,013,220 00
Notes and Cheques of other Banks	2,276,482 88
Balance due by other Banks in Canada	4,796 95
Balance due Banks and Agents in the United States	12,625 78
Call and Cash Loans on Bonds and Stocks in Canada	\$ 1,957,782 71
Call and Short Loans on Bonds and Stocks elsewhere than in Canada	8,958,351 07
Dominion and Provincial Government Securities	\$10,916,133 78
Municipal Railway and other Debentures	6,344,324 22
	\$24,746,377 75

Current Loans and Discounts (less Rebate of Interest received) \$ 20,799,623 31 |

Loans to other Banks, secured 488,889 89 |

Loans and Discounts overdue (less fully provided for) 86,798 01 |

Deposit with Dominion Government for security of Note Circulation 240,000 00 |

Mortgages and other Securities, the property of the Bank 49,368 69 |

Real Estate 1,118,685 03 |

Bank Premises and Furniture 17,089 21 |

Other Assets \$56,598,625 77 |

E. F. HEBDEN, General Manager.

The President having invited discussion of the report, Mr. C. R. Black spoke as follows:—

I would like to say that I am sure all the Shareholders must be very much pleased with the result of last year's business. It is true that we had a slightly better report last year, but when we consider the tremendous upheaval that has taken place since the time of the report, and the fact that we cannot in this country stand aside from the effects of anything like that, and that our financial affairs, our industries and business generally, are influenced very largely by business conditions in the United States, I think that the report just presented shows that the affairs of this Bank have been managed during the past year with wonderful care and caution. The Directors and the Management must have exercised great prudence, and at the same time cared for the interests of their clients.

Mr. Geo. Hague moved that the scrutineers cast one ballot in favor of the following persons as Directors:—

Sir H. Montagu Allan, Messrs. Jonathan Hodgson, Thomas Long, C. F. Smith, Hugh A. Allan, Charles M. Hays, Alex. Barnett, F. O. Lewis and Bryce J. Allan.

Continuing, Mr. Hague said:—

"With regard to the Statement just presented, I would say that, although the profits are not such as they were a year ago, or such as some other institutions have made, they might have been very much worse if extraordinary care had not been taken to keep the Bank in a perfectly strong condition, which is much more important than making great profits. At this moment the Bank is in an exceptionally strong position with regard to its immediately available resources as shown by this statement. They amount to about 50 per cent. of the Liabilities. Formerly we used to be well satisfied if our available resources amounted to 25 per cent., but times have changed, and most of the Banks now keep larger reserves.

"With regard to the names presented, they are the same as last year, with one exception, to replace a Director who has resigned to join the directorate of another bank, and I feel sure that they will be satisfactory to you, and I am sure that all the Shareholders are greatly pleased with the result of their efforts." (Applause.)

The annual report was then unanimously adopted, on the following motion:—

Moved by the President, and seconded by the Vice-President, that the report of the Directors as submitted be and the same is hereby adopted and ordered to be printed for distribution among the shareholders.

The General Manager of the Bank, Mr. E. F. Hebdon, briefly discussed the report, remarking: "There is very little to say beyond expressing the hope that the shareholders may find the exhibit placed before them satisfactory."

"The only other matter I have to refer to is the staff, and to testify to the continuing loyalty and devotion of its members to the shareholders' interests, and to the excellent spirit animating them towards the Bank and one another, and to the good work performed."

Messrs. John Patterson and C. R. Black were appointed scrutineers for the election of Directors.

The President briefly explained that the appointment of Mr. Bryce J. Allan to the directorate was merely temporary to fill the gap caused by the resignation of Mr. C. R. Hosmer from the Board. He explained that as soon as it was possible to call a full meeting of the Board a permanent director would be elected.

The motion for the election of the Directors by one ballot was then unanimously adopted.

Mr. J. Campbell Nelles—I think a vote of thanks should be tendered the President, Vice-President and Directors and to the General Manager and Staff. While I am not one of the oldest, I am not one of the youngest here. I have had an account with this Bank since 1882, and in all that time I have never met with a single word of discourtesy, while my business has always been carefully looked after, and anyone who has met with the at-

Automobile Topics

A Writer Alleges That Drivers of Autos Are More Careful Than Drivers of Horses and That They Show More Sense in the Streets Than Pedestrians.

A GREAT deal is said about the recklessness of motorists. It is always well, however, to look on both sides of a question. In a recent issue of The New York Sun a writer who signs himself "Fourth Speed" has something to say from the driver's standpoint. He writes in an admirable spirit of fairness, and he makes so many good points that are useful to motorists and non-motorists alike that the letter is here reproduced in full:

In a letter to The Sun "A. D. B." complains of the recklessness of drivers of automobiles in the city streets. Like many other pedestrians, he probably fails to realize how quickly an automobile running at the rate of ten to fifteen miles an hour can be brought to a dead stop. Many pedestrians are needlessly alarmed at crossings on finding a machine near them. This is, however, not to be wondered at. There is no use in mincing the fact that many chauffeurs bully pedestrians (who have the right of way legally), just as truck drivers in crowded downtown streets also bully those who travel on foot.

As an experienced automobile driver I can assure you that there is but one proper way to drive a machine through such sections of the city as are fairly crowded. That is to drive slow all the time, keep the machine under complete control and be ready to stop instantly at any moment. If the drivers of machines exercised as little care as pedestrians do there would be hundreds and hundreds of accidents daily. Twenty per cent. of the pedestrians wander out into the streets, gabbling and not looking where they are going. The chauffeur must look out for them. They won't look out for themselves.

I make it a rule never to use my horn when I am driving through town except in the most extreme cases. The sudden sound of a horn is very startling to the pedestrian. It sounds in his ears like sudden death. I prefer to stop and let him cross. It makes me feel like a beast to go through the streets tooting at people to get out of my way and seeing them jump and run at the sound of my horn.

Cars should not turn "blind" corners fast, and they should pass other vehicles—especially street cars—very slowly. The time to use the horn is in passing street cars.

There is no denying that the motor has added another complication to the life of cities. It has increased the comfort of some and the hazard of all. It is, however, true that people who drive motors are almost invariably more careful than those who drive horses. The chauffeur realizes that the power and speed at his command must be used gingerly in crowded places and that he must pay heed to the rules of the road. Truck drivers are less considerate of pedestrians than chauffeurs.

The chauffeurs who drive fast in crowded parts of the city are usually green men. Joe Tracy, the old racing driver, fairly crawls about town in his machine, but some fresh boy who hasn't driven six months wants to "show off," so he whisks around corners and sails into the garage door on the high gear.

If the police would give more attention to the chaps that turn corners fast and pass street cars without slowing down, and less time to people who exceed the legal limit on Pelham Parkway, Hoffman Boulevard and other fine wide roads in suburban neighborhoods, their work would be more effective.

Every driver exceeds the legal limit at one time or another. It is perfectly safe to do so in the country, and perfectly dangerous to do so in crowded city streets.

The writer of the foregoing points out that pedestrians are more careless than auto drivers. In the same issue of The Sun in which his letter appears there is an interesting police court item. It is to the effect that Samuel E. Campbell, an automobile dealer, was bound over to the Superior Court on the charge of manslaughter, for running down and killing Rev. Dr. G. Brinley Morgan, rector of Christ church, New York, last month. The case was heard by Judge Richard M. Tyner, who severely lectured automobilists for recklessness. Judge Tyner is evidently not a motorist himself, and he may have some personal prejudice against motoring, but what he said is worth reprinting. Here it is:

"There is no occasion that any traveller upon the highway should be forced upon the approach of an automobile to run for safety, but the automobile should in travelling upon the highway where other vehicles or persons are travelling proceed along the highway in such a manner as not to require any undue haste upon the part of anyone travelling upon the highway in order to get out of its way."

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Society at the Capital

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that just now everyone is rushed to the utmost limit in preparing for Christmas, this did not appear last week to put any stop to the rapid succession of teas which, instead of becoming hackneyed, as one would expect where they occur so continually, appear to be more popular than ever in the Capital. Lunches and evening bridge parties were also very frequent and helped to break the monotony.

ON Monday and Tuesday Madame Girouard gave twin teas, the first one for her own friends and the second for those of her daughter,

with Miss Elizabeth Borden at Stadacona Hall, was the guest of honor, and left on Friday for her home. On the same afternoon Mrs. Fred Powell invited a small group of her friends to meet Mrs. Corby, of Belleville, at the tea-hour. Mr. and Mrs. Corby are spending a short time with their daughter, Mrs. F. C. T. O'Hara and Mr. O'Hara in Wurtemberg street, and will return to Belleville this week.

MRS. REGINALD DALY was also the special guest of a very smart reception given by Mrs. Clifford Sifton on Thursday evening, when bridge and music were the dual attractions of the evening. Dr. Gibson played several piano solos in his own inimitable manner, and Miss Helen Ferguson, whose voice was as usual in excellent condition, charmed everyone with some very pretty songs. Mrs. Sifton looked extremely handsome in a gown of rich ivory satin trimmed with duchesse lace and diamond ornaments.

THOSE who chose Thursday on which to entertain at the tea-hour were Mrs. G. F. O'Halloran, whose gathering was as thoroughly successful as the one which she gave the week preceding, and Mrs. E. D. Lafleur, whose large reception was given to introduce her daughter, Miss Hectorine Lafleur, who was much admired in a gown of palest blue crepe de soie trimmed with gold braid. Mrs. Lafleur wore a mauve Empire gown with lace trimmings. Mrs. E. B. T. Heward's bright little tea on the same afternoon was in honor of her young niece, Miss Beatrice Meredith, of Quebec, who spent some days in the Capital, returning to Quebec on Friday.

A FEW most delightfully arranged luncheons were among the red letter events of the week. One of the most recherche of these came off on Thursday, the hostess being Mrs. Allan Aylesworth, who wore a very becoming pink gown. The decorations were also carried out in pink and the table was one of the prettiest seen this season. A silver bowl in the centre bore a mass of pale pink carnations and was surrounded by an artistic arrangement of pink tulle and broad ribbons, the latter extending to each corner of the table, and terminating in a large bow. The electrolier was draped in pink tulle, and silver candelabra, also shaded in pink, shed a most becoming light on the surroundings. Among those present were Lady Cartwright, Lady Taschereau, Mrs. Frank Oliver, Madame R. Lemieux, Mrs. Clifford Sifton, Mrs. Walter Cassels, Mrs. Wm. G. Perley, Mrs. Martin Griffin, Mrs. H. Allan Bate, Mrs. E. L. Newcombe, Mrs. J. Lyons Biggar, Mrs. J. S. Ewart and Mrs. Chas. Coutlee.

BESIDES the usual influx of young people from their various schools and colleges, some of those who will spend Christmas in the Capital are: Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Beckett, of Quebec, who have already come to town and are with Dr. and Mrs. Montzambert; Mrs. Kenneth Fenwick, of Kingston, and her daughter, Mrs. French, who are the guests of Col. and Mrs. Pennington Macpherson; Dr. and Mrs. Cranston, of Annapolis, and their little daughter, who will spend the holidays with Col. and Mrs. Toller; Mrs. Brock Willett, of Montreal, who will stay with her daughter, Mrs. George MacLaren; Miss Gladys Hendrick, of Toronto, who is with her uncle and aunt, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Gunn, and will in January make her debut at His Excellency's Drawing-room; Mr. and Mrs. George Major, of Niagara Falls, Ont., who arrived in town on Sunday and will spend the festive week with Sir James and Lady Grant and Mr. Justice and Mrs. Craig, of Dawson, Y.T., who are expected to arrive on Tuesday and will be with their daughter, Mrs. Harvey Fitzsimmons, for the festive season.

THE CHAPERONE.
OTTAWA, Dec. 21, 1908.

The Passing of Penelope. (Continued on page 5.)

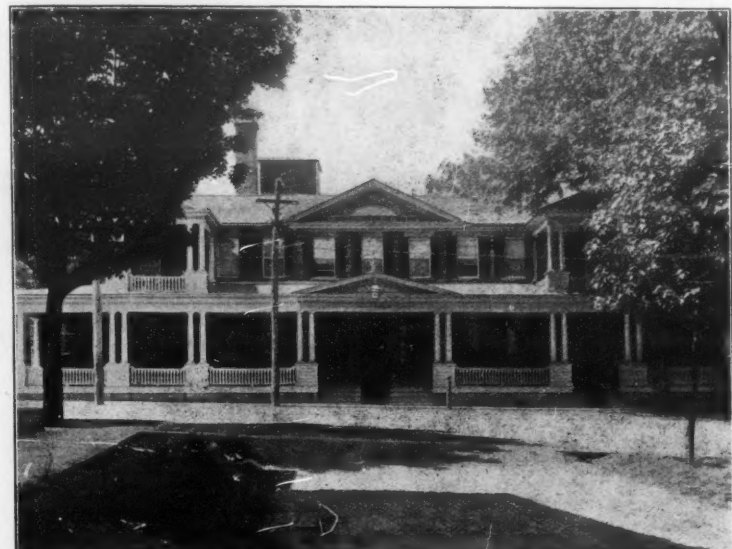
"After de burial, he come back with me to de Lady Arbor, and tell me he make a deed of de place to me for my lifetime, and when I go, de price of de place will go to de Soldiers' Home."

"And," I questioned, "did you never find out why the Yankee man was so kind to Miss Pen?"

Aunt Celia looked me in the eyes, with a glance so burning, so deeply sombre and tragic, that it thrilled my very soul.

"Sure I did," she said, in low tones. "He was de Yankee soldier dat shot her father."

And, not turning again, she climbed into her quaint road-wagon and drove away.



THE VILLAGE INN AT GRIMSBY.

"We rarely see or hear of a heavy loaded coal or stone cart hurrying to get out of the way of an automobile, or even a trolley car, or any other object larger or stronger than the automobile itself. The automobile driver seems able to avoid these things because collision with any of them would injure him or his machine more than them. A human life is more valuable than any number of automobiles, and, if an automobile driver is able to drive his automobile along the highway in such a manner as to avoid a collision with vehicles larger and stronger than his own, it seems that in most cases he should be able to drive his automobile along the streets so as to avoid the taking of human lives."

Engage lightweight chauffeurs is the advice of a well-known English motor car company which has discovered by careful investigation that a chauffeur weighing 211 pounds takes about 293 miles off the life of each tire of a light runabout car of the type most popular with automobilists of moderate means.

As the result of competitions carried on last year S. F. Edge, one of the best known British experts, has accumulated a mass of statistics concerning wear and tear on tires. The results of these tire tests are all reduced to ton miles, that is, the number of miles that the tires would have run had the weight of the cars been exactly one ton.

For a lightweight six horse-power runabout weighing about thirteen hundredweight the average life of a tire is computed at 7,000 miles. Working on this basis, it is calculated that a 140-pound chauffeur would reduce the distance to only 6,426 miles, while a 210-pound man would reduce it to 6,173 miles.

As the tires for such a car cost approximately \$5 each for 1,000 miles, the heavy chauffeur would cost \$5 to each set of tires more than the lightweight.

"Miss Pansy, yo' suhtingly has got well-developed ahms, ef yo'll pahdon ma sayin' so." "Ah developed dem ahms workin' ovah de washtub, Mistah Rufus." "Um—um—er, Miss Pansy, will yo' be ma wife?"—Denver Post.

Fastboy—Really, dear, you shouldn't wait supper for me this way when I'm detained at the office. Mrs. Fastboy—Supper, you idiot! The maid just laid the table for breakfast.—Puck.

Facetious Friend (teasingly)—Well, which rules—you or your wife? Mr. Youngwed (with hauteur)—You forget we can afford to keep a cook.—Baltimore American.

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WEDNESDAY'S teas included a most enjoyable one, for young people given by the Misses Lee, of Metcalfe street, for their pretty debutante niece, Miss Jessie Lee, and a very large one at which Mrs. Edward Farrer was the hostess and two visitors in the Capital were the *raisons d'être*, Mrs. Macdonald, of Vancouver, B.C., who is with her sister, Lady Bourinot, and Miss Madeleine Torrance, of Toronto, who is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Robert Cassels.

Gerhard Heintzman

LIMITED

take this opportunity of wishing their many patrons and friends a very Merry Christmas.

Hamilton Warerooms
127 King Street East

Toronto Warerooms
97 Yonge Street

Factory
Sherbourne Street, Toronto

It Sometimes Turns Out This Way

Unusual Ending to a Story of a Boy Who Ran Away to be a Train Robber. . . .

THIS is a story, with a moral attached, of a boy who read sensational fiction. The New York Sun tells it this way:

This boy decided that he would run away from home.

He had a good home and all like that, but he didn't care for home any more.

Anyhow, he figured it that his folks, namely, his father and mother, were handing it out to him pretty hard. They declined to permit him to play with the gang. They interfered with him in lots of ways. They were, for example, opposed to the idea of his becoming a victim of the cigarette habit. And so on and so on. He found it unendurable.

Consequently after giving the matter due and proper thought the boy decided that there was but one thing for him to do and that was to run away.

Away from home, he felt, he would be able to indulge in his natural propensities without let or hindrance.

Now his most natural propensity, as it seemed to him, was for the robbing of trains—Far Western trains.

The boy had a profound feeling that he was modelled, cut out, fashioned, devised and intended by nature to be the greatest robber of trains ever crawled over the tender of one and put the engineer and under a sawed off shotgun with slugs.

He felt, too, that his folks would be liable to thwart such an ambition in his part were he to mention it to them.

He figured, therefore, that in view of these considerations the only proper thing for him to do was to get his few things together and beat it. He had read many pieces of fiction—all of the fiction, however, as he understood, founded upon fact—which related how famous train robbers had started off upon their distinguished careers by running away from home just as he meant to do and how something always turned up pretty soon to put them in a way of achieving a mastery of their chosen profession.

And so the boy, working very secretly and deliberately, gathered together all of his little possessions and wrapped them up in a big silk muffler belonging to his father. There wasn't much to be packed in the muffler, but still he didn't elect to leave his few little possessions behind, since he was very certain that he would not return to his boyhood home for many, many years, if ever.

It was a beautiful moonlit night when he decided to make the jump. He went to bed, or pretended to go to bed, and waited for his parents and grownup brothers and sisters to turn in. Then with his little bundle slung over his shoulder at the end of a stout stick he softly stole down the stairs, opened the front door noiselessly, tiptoed out after closing the door and reaching the front gate turned to gaze, as he felt, upon the home of his youth for the last, last time.

He made directly for the freight depot at the other end of the town, his idea being that, as he had often read in connection with other runaway heroes, he might be able to catch an outgoing freight train. As

there wasn't any outgoing freight train that night, daylight found him still hanging around the freight yard.

By this time he was pretty hungry and he thought of the usual ham and eggs and hot muffins and things that he'd been accustomed to eat, for breakfast. Somehow in the clear, sunny light of morning it looked a heap more difficult to get a start as a train robber than it had seemed while he was planning the great expedition. He stood and watched the freight hands making themselves some fine fragrant coffee on a little stove in a signalling shack and his hunger became something fierce, and he thought of the nice clean tablecloth and—

However, just a minute. Just one minute.

Here is the spot where it is customary to get in swift climatic action.

It is the usual thing to narrate how the hungry would-be runaway boy who hankered to be a train robber fizzled out in his desire as he thought about the home grub, and how he began to whimper around the freight yard, and how two or three kindly, grizzled freight yard hands asked him what was chewin' on him, and how they finally got his story out of him, and how they sympathetically advised him to beat it for home and paw and maw just as fast as he could go and how he, of course, hated to go home, because he didn't know how he was going to square things for having remained out all night; but how, eventually, he became so dad-blasted hungry that he had to just natchally abandon all thought of becoming a train robber, and how he slunk into the alley back of his home after dark, and how he got nailed by his dad as he tried to nudge through the kitchen door, and how his dad got out the old trunk strap and whaled him good and plenty, and how that eternally killed his ambition to become a train robber, and—

Well, and all like that—a way, a lot of it, always and infallibly just like that.

But it didn't break that way at all.

This boy caught a freight right out of town on the morning following his running away from home, and after some vicissitudes he finally fell in with the famous Bill Dalton gang and he became a full fledged train robber and a mighty dangerous specimen, and after seven or eight years of robbing trains he was finally cornered somewhere in the Panhandle of Texas and riddled with bullets by a sheriff's posse.

"I, myself—Bettina, in Sporting Days," spoke the Gentleman from Mississippi, "have seen the World and His Wife, also the Devil. I was a Sampson among the Boys, and Betty—a Devil among the Girls of Gottenberg. And what girls! There was Lady Frederick, and Marcelle (once the Servant in the House of the Mollusc) and the Three Twins. They called me the Travelling Salesman, in contradistinction to Little Nemo, the Man who Stood Still. I didn't give a Jack Straw, but chased Mlle. Mischief in the Fighting Hope of capturing the Golden Butterfly. But Love Watches over the Man from Home and Via Wireless I returned to the Blue Grass and the old Red Mill, thoroughly imbued with the American Idea, get Paid in Full."

—Life.

Love is a poor mathematician. He can never figure out the cost.—January Smart Set.

A Magic Moment.

I LOVE you, love you! only this I have to say;
All other visions, hopes and dreams Must go their way.

Your lightest word outweighs for me

The universe beside;
My thought responds to all your own
As ocean's tide

Unfailing leaps up to meet
The moon's sure call;
Or as the stars in evening skies
Must shine for all.

Life is no longer drift and dream,
But vivified;
And all its radiance, all its faiths,
Are multiplied.

Music and magic lay their spell
Upon the days
That dawn in rose and wane in gold
And purple haze.

O wondrous spirit-call that came
From out the air!
To make all life forevermore
Divinely fair.
—Lilian Whiting, in Harper's Bazaar.

A Handy Guide for Verse Writers.

PROF. AMASA P. DANTRY, Ph.D., the well-known authority on Belles Lettres, has discovered the principle underlying all contemporary magazine verse. His monograph on the subject is most exhaustive, and rather beyond the intelligence of the average verse writer, and therefore (writes Henry M. Hoyt, Jr., in Life) we have presented the idea in simpler form.

The receipt is as follows: Take any proverb, the older the better, or some wornout platitude, and torture it into the form of a quatrain. It is necessary to steel the heart against the piteous cries of the aforementioned proverb, as the operation is likely to be anything but pleasant for it.

To illustrate this principle more clearly, we append several typical examples of the work of the foremost writers of the day, and the old saws from which, according to Professor Dantry, they were derived:

I. THE RACE.

Boy, thou shalt see some pass thee at the starting,
Gaining by guile—ah, let them do their worst.

Keep thou thy road, nor right nor left departing.

And at the finish all shall hail thee—
First!

—John Sembrick Biffs.

(Honesty is the best policy.)
(The race is not always to the swift.)

II. THE MAGIC WORD.

Yea, thou mayest tell me of the Lands of Morning—

Mountains of gold, and seas of jeweled foam;

Still thou art blind, and know not, in thy scorning,

The perfect magic of the one word—
Home!

—Limpon Dullard.

(There's no place like home.)
(A rolling stone gathers no moss.)

III. BAAL.

The world bowed down before thy brazen glory,

Swart demon-god, ablaze with bestial lust

For blood of babes. Ensanguined ghoul and gory

Thou, who ruled all, now mingled with their dust.

—George Investor Seasick.
(Pride goeth before a fall.)
(Death is the great leveler.)

With the help of these hints, and with such stirring examples as models, we feel sure that anybody with a working knowledge of the English language can soon learn to turn out work that will be acceptable in every way to the majority of editors.

The Spirit of the Times.

IT was a few minutes to eight, and the brilliantly-lighted streets were crowded with well-dressed amusement-seekers wending their ways to the many city theatres, when two little urchins appeared on a prominent corner and began to call each other names with the vehemence of an enmity kindled by long hatred.

"G'wan, I kin lick y' w'id me 'ands tied!" yelled one.

"Y' kin, eh?" sneered the other.

"Why, I kin put y' t' sleep widout tryin', y' bleary-eyed lunch-grabber!"

After a few more such endearing epithets, there was a mighty rush and the fray began. Immediately exquisitely-gowned women and immaculately-clad men gathered around.

Havana Cigars

"From Cuba we import the World's best brands."

The place to get them good and at the right prices is at

A. CLUBB & SONS, Only Store 5 King Street West
COR. YONGE STREET



BRIAR PIPES

AWARDED THE GRAND PRIX

FRANCO BRITISH EXHIBITION - LONDON

On Sale at all First-Class Tobacconists



Agents—McGaw & Russell, Toronto—telephone M. 2647

attracted by a natural impulse to see something unusual.

"Go it, kids; hit hard," encouraged a silk-hatted person.

"Isn't that little one cute!" exclaimed a pretty girl in a long opera cloak. "I hope he wins."

"Dig in, little chap," her companion called out. "Five dollars if you win!"

"Another five here," chirped a sporty-looking old gentleman.

Just then the bigger boy landed a solar-plexus, and down went the favorite.

"Heavens! is he killed?" "Oh, my! this is awful." "Aren't you ashamed to hurt a boy smaller than you?" were hurled at the apparent victor, who stood with his arms folded. But he didn't stand long. Up jumped the fallen one, and into the air flew his arms like piston-rods. There was blood in his eye.

"He's up again!" yelled the crowd of fashionables.

"Ten dollars if you win, kid!" cried a prominent lawyer.

"Five more!" screamed the season's debutante.

"Ten more!" cried a young sport.

"Five more!" called a pretty thing in pink.

"Five more."

"Ten more."

"Ten more."

And then, as the big bully went down in a heap, a victorious "Hurrah!" rent the air. The victor was petted, patted, and kissed, and his hat was filled with bills and coins.

Then the crowd, realizing that it was late for the theatre, dispersed.

When the two fighters were quite alone the vanquished arose.

"How much y' got?" he asked, brushing the dirt from his clothes.

"Almost sixty-five bucks," the hero answered.

"Gee! That's great, ain't it?" "Betcherlife!"

"Bout ten dollars better'n last night."

"Yep, jest 'bout."

And they walked off with the battle's spoils arm in arm.

—W. Dayton Wegefath, in Lippincott's.

London.

THOU art sad with the sorrow of ages,

Thou art grim with the lusting of gain.

Thou art wise with the wisdom of sages,

And heartless, and heavy with pain.

Thou hast passion no sating appeases,

And thy tears are more bitter than brine—

Yet thy voice is as vast as the sea's is,

Oh mother of mine.

Thy soul is more strange than our life is,

And subtle, and secret with sin;

Thou art mad with more madness than strife is,

That was mad since God bade it begin.

Thou art cruel, and thou know'st not of pity,

Yet sweeter than love is, or wine, Oh weary, unwearied city,

Oh Mother of Mine.

—Pall Mall Gazette.

Bobby—I've been an awful good boy since I started going to Sunday school, haven't I? Mother—Yes, dear, you've been very good, indeed.

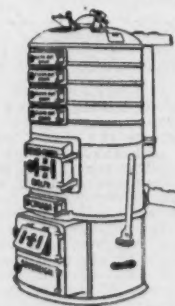
Bobby—And you don't distrust me any more, do you? Mother—No, dear. Bobby—Then, why do you continue to hide the pie?—Harper's Weekly.

Howell—Rowell thinks he is the whole thing. Powell—Yes, if he leans against a post for a few minutes he has the idea that the post couldn't stand without him.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Green—I hear your wife is an authoress. Does she write for money? Breen—I never receive a letter from her, but she writes for anything else.

"I say, do you think that Wiggins is a man to be trusted?" "Trusted?"

If your furnace does not work satisfactorily this Christmas season stop up the experience against the first opportunity and instal a heating system that may be relied upon on all occasions and in every stress of weather.



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Yes; rather. Why, I'd trust him with my life!" "Yes; but with anything of value, I mean!"—Philadelphia Inquirer.